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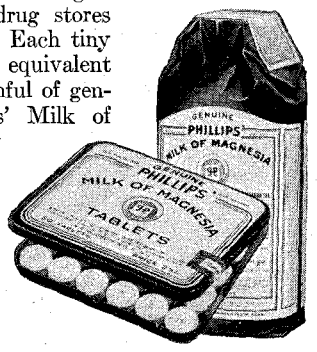

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for FEBRUARY 18, 1933

VOLUME 115 NUMBER 7

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Chicago, Ill., and Columbus, O. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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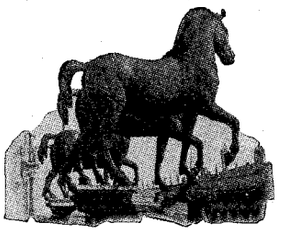
TO CHEER UP A HOMESICK BRIDE

The young Queen yearned for the mountains of her native Persia, so the devoted Nebuchadrezzar built her an artificial mountain. A reservoir on the summit, 300 feet up, supplied water for irrigation and fountains. A broad, surrounding canal lent coolness to the air. Under the vaulted arches the King and Queen had superb apartments.

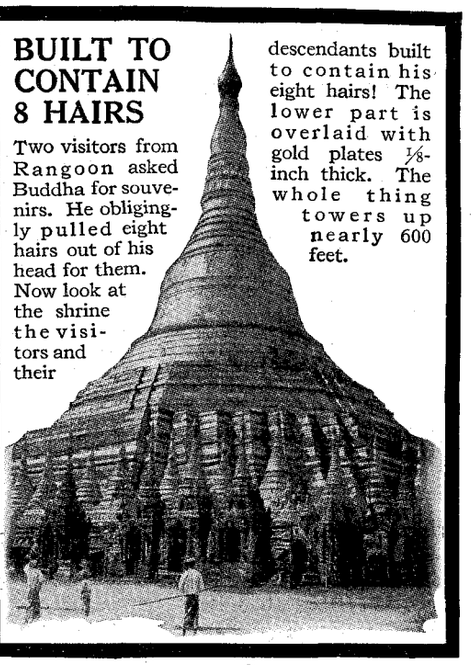


WHOSE HORSES ARE THESE?

Sculptured, probably, for Alexander the Great, these beautiful bronze beasts have been moved to Rome, to Byzantium, to Paris, to Venice. During the World War they were hidden underground. Many superb pieces of sculpture have been preserved as miraculously as these oft-stolen horses.

BUILT TO CONTAIN 8 HAIRS

Two visitors from Rangoon asked Buddha for souvenirs. He obligingly pulled eight hairs out of his head for them. Now look at the shrine the visitors and their descendants built to contain his eight hairs! The lower part is overlaid with gold plates ⅛-inch thick. The whole thing towers up nearly 600 feet.



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—Egyptian inscriptions might still be a mystery but for Napoleon's invasion of Egypt and the chance finding of the Rosetta Stone?

—The Chinese Emperor who built the Great Wall and employed every third able-bodied man in his kingdom on its 1,500 miles, also burned all the books of classical Chinese literature?

—Ancient Troy was not a myth? It has been found, built on the ruins of six earlier cities, one on top of the other, with two later ones piled on top of it.

—a lighthouse 400 feet high, visible 27 miles out at sea, was erected at a cost of $1,000,000 two thousand years ago at Alexandria?

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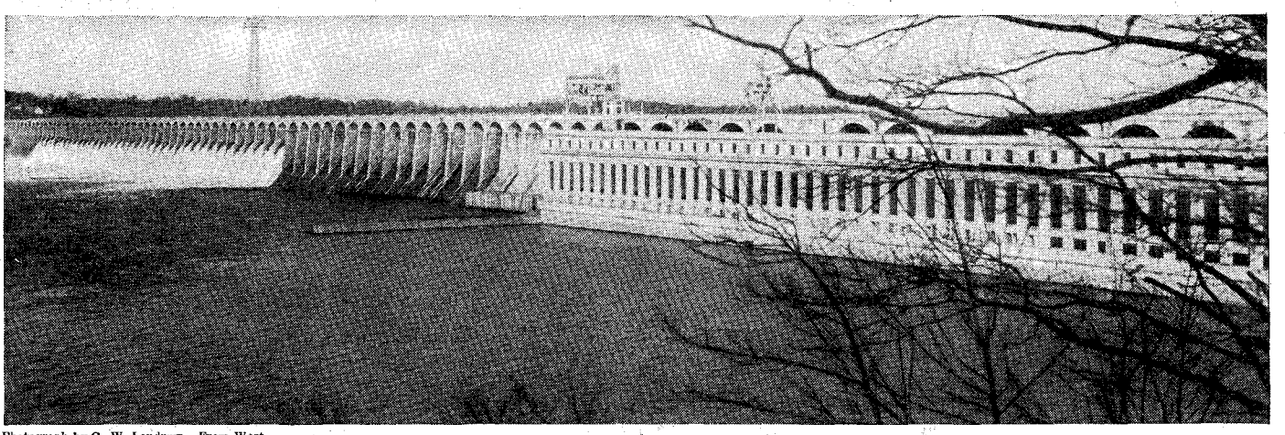
The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1933

TOPICS OF THE DAY



Photograph by G. W. Landrum. From West

The Great Power-Plant at Muscle Shoals, for Which Mr. Roosevelt Would Find More Work

At the left the Wilson Dam with thirty-seven of its fifty-eight spillway gates open, and at the right the 1,000-foot-long power-house. Here is the nucleus of the Tennessee River water-power development.

Mr. Roosevelt's Vision of a Tennessee Utopia

THERE WAS NO HESITATION, no sparring with the correspondents, as the President-elect, sitting by the fireside in his "Little White House" at Warm Springs, went into an enthusiastic description of his plan for launching his first great drive against depression, in the historic valley of the romantic Tennessee River.

"This will be the widest experiment ever attempted by a Government," concluded the President-elect with a smile, and as a Cleveland *News* writer recalls, "the newspaper men, as they put their pencils away after almost an hour of note-taking, agreed with him."

The country's response was gratifying to the President-elect, so the dispatches tell us. Yet we find that the response voiced by editorial comment ranges all the way from the unrestrained enthusiasm of Tennessee newspapers to the cold conclusion of some distant editors that it is all a pork-barrel pipe-dream.

Piecing together reports of the Roosevelt talk from various dispatches, we find Mr. Roosevelt pointing out that the Government has long planned and considered, even embarked upon, various schemes of reforestation, flood-control, reclamation, water-power production, agricultural rehabilitation, decentralization of industry. We have been going at such projects piecemeal "ever since the days of T. R.," says the President-elect, who believes "it is now time to tie up all these various developments into one great comprehensive plan within a given area." Now is the time, because we have 12,000,000 people out of work, with a possibility of 5,000,000 remaining out of work even when business gets back to the 1929 level. "Our population is out of balance," says Mr. Roosevelt; "if by government activity we can restore the balance, we will have taken a great step forward."

Essentials of the Roosevelt Tennessee Valley Project

(From the New York *American*)

1. Reforestation in the highlands.
2. Creation of flood-control basins, beginning at Cove Creek on the Clinch River.
3. A huge water-power development to spread cheap electricity throughout farms and cities.
4. Reclamation of flooded bottom lands for agriculture.
5. Elimination of non-profitable marginal lands from farm pursuits.
6. A back-to-the-farm movement that will restore balance of population.
7. Improved navigation.

He thinks perhaps 75,000 men could be kept at work in the Tennessee valley forests, and perhaps as many as 200,000 could be employed on various developments of the project.

And why the Tennessee? Well, Mr. Roosevelt points out that here is a great river basin covering 640,000 square miles, including parts of Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Kentucky. And here is a great river whose flood waters pour into the Ohio and then into the Mississippi to add to the flood-time problems of Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Among other reasons for the Roosevelt choice, the New York *Herald Tribune* notes these three:

"1. There probably are more existing data in the way of land and flood surveys and economic surveys for the Tennessee basin than for any other watershed.

"2. The Government has a larger existing financial interest there through its ownership of the Muscle Shoals power and nitrate plants.

"3. This watershed contains every range of physical condition from the highest mountains in the Appalachian system all the way down to flat lands, and economically ranges from forestry through agriculture to industry."

WHAT a river! Get out your LITERARY DIGEST atlas and look at the map of the Middle South as you read this description of the Tennessee which the Roosevelt announcement inspires a Chattanooga Associated Press correspondent to write:

"The stream is formed near Knoxville by rivers that tumble from the Tennessee and Carolina mountains. It is a land of minerals and primeval forests. Mills of all kinds dot banks of the river and its tributaries.

"The river eases into Moccasin Bend at Chattanooga—slips

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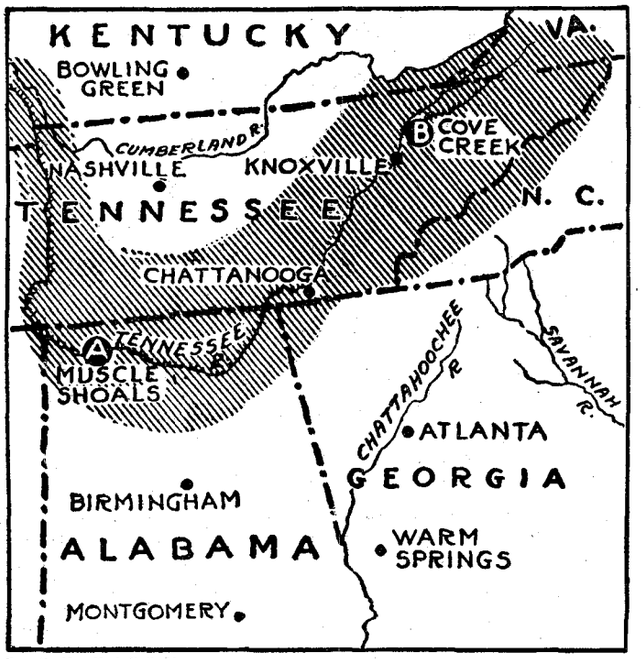
past gaunt Lookout Mountain, the southern sentinel of the valley—broadens and starts its plunge for Muscle Shoals. It misses Georgia by a scratch and leaps away to the south—Alabama-bound. The mountains fall behind as the Tennessee glides through the rolling hills to Guntersville, Alabama, where it does a crazy right-face and starts the slow, tortuous drive north—back to Tennessee. It creeps past Albany and Decatur, flattens and swirls through the shoals. There the river bed falls away suddenly and the drop is Muscle Shoals.

"The Tennessee separates Florence from Sheffield and Tuscumbia, then sweeps around one huge bend, bids Alabama good-by, and rambles back to Tennessee. It reenters this State on the Mississippi line. It severs Tennessee completely and glides into the Ohio at Paducah, Kentucky.

"The Tennessee flows more than 900 miles. It waters wheat and tobacco near its source—cotton at its mouth. It runs from



From the New York *Daily News*

Scope of Roosevelt's Tennessee Project

Shaded area roughly represents Tennessee River drainage basin. (A) Muscle Shoals development, (B) Cove Creek development on Clinch River, a Tennessee tributary.

the quartz country to the gumbo land—from the apple-cider belt to the mint-julep section—from the hot-cakes and maple-sirup kingdom to the hot-biscuits-and-molasses empire.

"Mountaineers catch trout in its upper reaches—Negroes catch catfish at its mouth.

"The Mississippi is the boss river down South, but the Tennessee is truly the river of romance."

A FEW years ago, it seems, Army engineers made an extensive survey of the Tennessee basin by direction of Congress. They presented a voluminous report. Apparently, writes Rex Collier in the Washington *Evening Star*, "Mr. Roosevelt's program represents a combination of power, navigation, and flood-control plans worked out by the Army engineers, and certain reforestation and reclamation ideas nurtured by Mr. Roosevelt himself." Here is a natural resource, according to the engineers, capable of producing ultimately about 3,000,000 kilowatts at about an average cost of 4½ mills per kilowatt-hour at the power-plant. The Chattanooga *News* quotes W. E. Brock of its own city as explaining that the engineers' report estimates the expenditure necessary at $75,000,000, that the report has already been adopted by Congress, and hence no further legislation is needed; "all that is needed is authorization of funds."

Because of the Roosevelt announcement the Governor of Alabama sees "a new era dawning in this section." Congressman S. D. McReynolds of Tennessee thinks the President-elect is making good descriptions of the Tennessee valley as "the future Ruhr of America."

We find the same enthusiasm in the newspapers of the region. It is not only the "greatest single plan that has ever been proposed for the South," says the Chattanooga *News*, it is also "the first step in national planning, which should be welcomed by the entire country as a genuine promise in that envisioned new deal which we have heralded." The Knoxville *Journal* declares that the Roosevelt plan "presages the greatest era of development that has occurred in the South since this section unsuccessfully attempted to set up a separate nation."

This plan is proof "that Mr. Roosevelt is providing leadership," according to the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*. It notes that the Roosevelt experiment "would be extended later to other parts of the country, especially to the Ohio, Arkansas, and Missouri basins in the Middle West, and the Columbia in the Northwest." In the opinion of this Tennessee daily:

"If the President-elect can link this plan with private and public-debt conversion, with national minimum-wage scales, and shorter-work periods to spread purchasing power, with reduction of tariffs and war debts to restore foreign trade, we believe he will have a program of action strong enough to break the depression."

Similar praise comes from other Southern papers while we find the New York *American* saying of the Roosevelt announcement: "It sounds a note that is constructive and confident amid an all-encompassing discouragement, and may prove the turning-point in the long battle against industrial depression and unemployment." "The project is eminently practical," insists the Detroit *News*, "and it is exactly what is needed to set us again in the way of prosperity."

WE find another group of papers which do not quite care to commit themselves too definitely on the practicability of the Roosevelt project, but are glad to see the President-elect take a bold stand for something definite. They hope the plan will succeed. They think it should be studied sympathetically. They would not condemn it off-hand. If the exploitation of the Tennessee basin "now proves as helpful to the nation as Governor Roosevelt believes it will be," observes the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "the oversight that has led to its neglect may well be the cause of national thanksgiving."

Other papers are still more doubtful. The Syracuse *Post-Standard* asks: "It is good politics, but is it good economics?"

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks that in the end the project will do more harm than good:

"In the first place, it would call for a very large appropriation of public money at a time when public money is hard to get, and altho it might well be assumed that this project would pay for itself, repayment would be in the future.

"It would necessarily be a long time before it could create employment, because it always takes months, usually years, to perfect the detailed plans and surveys for enterprises of such magnitude. We are unable to believe that the plan would have any value as an employment aid until the urgent need for employment devices would have passed.

"But more importantly, this is a plan to put the Federal Government into competition with private business, and under circumstances that would certainly be destructive to the latter if the declared purpose to supply power at lower rates than private corporations can supply it is effective.

"It would then destroy the private power industry in the region covered by the system, and this would adversely affect that industry everywhere—destroy it nearly everywhere if the program should be extended to the entire country, as Mr. Roosevelt suggests."

"A fantastic pipe-dream," the Manchester *Union* calls the Roosevelt project. It is "a super pork-barrel," compared with which, in the Springfield *Union's* opinion, "the worst river-and-harbor graft on record is a piker."

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Japan's Setback at Geneva

IT'S A THRILL TO WASHINGTON, this news from Geneva.

For it promises united support of Secretary of State Stimson's firm stand on non-recognition of Manchukuo, the new "State" that Japan carved out with a sword.

In another firm step, Geneva demands "a clear-cut written answer from Japan whether she accepted restoration of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria." Moreover, it raises the Jehol issue for the first time by adding a verbal warning against military aggression in Jehol Province.

All this came about after the Assembly's Committee of Nineteen agreed unanimously to recommend that members of the League of Nations refuse recognition to Manchukuo, which, says John T. Whitaker, correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was Geneva's longest stride until then "toward condemnation of Japan's policy in Manchuria."

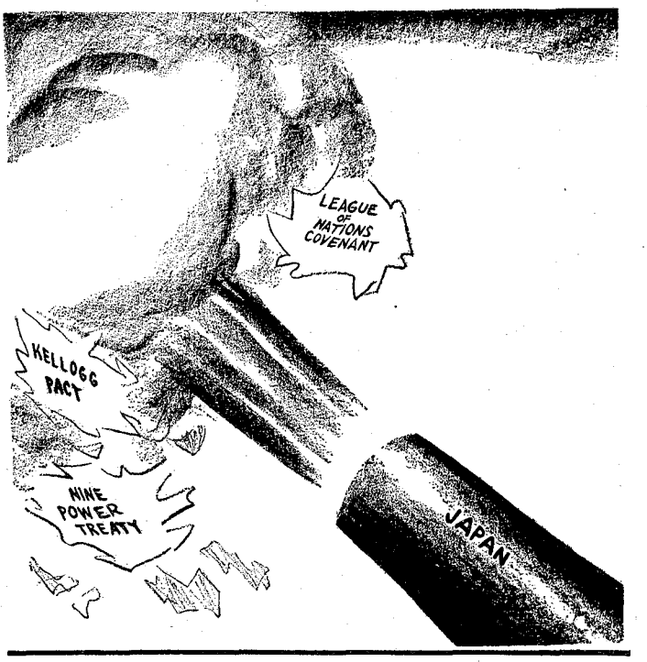
Adopting the declaration of Secretary Stimson that "the present situation in Manchuria is not compatible with the Kellogg-Briand pact or the Nine-Power Treaty," the committee added its opinion that the situation also was in violation of the League Covenant. It decided that its recommendations should be based on the ten points set forth in chapter nine of the Lytton report.

A somewhat surprizing feature of the committee session, notes Clarence K. Streit, correspondent of the New York *Times*, was the "unusual firmness" of the French and British. And he tells us that presumably other recommendations will be discust, including "an invitation to the United States and Russia to consult with the League on further measures, such as an arms embargo on Japan and Manchukuo, and financial non-cooperation with the latter."

Such an embargo was urged by Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden, and the Irish Free State.

Ajax Defiant

—Costello in the Albany "Evening News."



More Scraps of Paper

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

A hint that Japan may weaken in view of the committee's action is conveyed by Mr. Whitaker:

"This stern stand by the Committee of Nineteen, almost a full year after Secretary Stimson proclaimed the American doctrine in a letter to Senator William E. Borah on February 25, 1932, brought almost instant reaction in Japanese circles.

"Yosuke Matsuoka, Tokyo's spokesman, who on Saturday had told Sir Eric Drummond, secretary-general of the League, that Japan would be forced to withdraw from the League if her Manchurian policy was condemned by the League, to-day circulated reports that the League's conciliation draft might be accepted, even tho it bars recognition to Manchukuo."

ON the other side of the world, another correspondent of the same paper, Wilfrid Fleisher, watching developments at Tokyo, relays the same hint, telling us of the new instructions sent to the Japanese delegation at Geneva.

The Government, he says in a copyrighted dispatch, "in an eleventh-hour effort to dissuade the League from proceeding with the adoption of its draft report on the Manchurian conflict under paragraph 4 of Article 15 of the League Covenant, agrees to permit the Lytton report to serve as a basis for conciliation under paragraph 3 of that article. It hopes this will make it possible for the League to resume its conciliation effort." And:

"The Tokyo Government withdraws its objection to permitting the conciliation committee to aid or guide settlement of the Chinese-Japanese dispute. Its position heretofore has been that the committee should be limited to bringing about direct negotiation between Japan and China."

But in the face of this conciliation offer Geneva remained firm. Its reply was to demand whether Japan accepted restoration of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria, and to warn against any move toward Jehol.

To American editors, as to official Washington, news of the Assembly Committee's firm action, after several months of backing and filling, is gratifying. "The American position will no longer be one of isolation," points out the Richmond *News Leader*, "but will be sustained by the moral sense of mankind. Japan will either have to find some basis of compromise or else will have to challenge the verdict of the world."

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Sandino Calls Off His Gadfly War

"THE LITTLE CHAP WHO DEFIED a Colossus" quits his gadfly campaign after five years of bloody stinging.

And Uncle Sam sighs with relief at the prospect of permanent peace in Nicaragua.

Out of the jungle by airplane comes Gen. Cesar Agusto Sandino, the man that our Marines could never catch. An automatic pistol is at his hip, but friendly words are on his tongue. And after a visit with Nicaragua's new President, Juan B. Sacasa, in the palace at Managua, he proclaims that "peace is now a fact."

Keystone

Now, "We Are Brothers"

President Sacasa of Nicaragua embracing the rebel General Sandino, who voluntarily calls off his war after our Marines failed to capture him in five years of trying.

"Nicaragua entered a new era when the last United States Marine departed from our soil on January 1," he said as quoted in a copyrighted dispatch of the Associated Press. Altho the peace terms were not announced, Sandino said, "I ask for nothing personally." And—

"Why discuss the basis of peace? It is our duty as Nicaraguans to establish it, as we are brothers.

"I have nothing against North Americans personally. Let them come and work here. However, for them to come as our bosses, we should not accept."

THEN, not only did he send "my regards to the American people," but in a later statement, a copyrighted dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, he offered condolences to the families of Marines killed by his forces. From the same paper we borrow a sketch of the activities of this leader, who was a bandit and a criminal to official Washington, but a patriot to many Central Americans—

"Sandino came into prominence in 1927, when he and his followers alone refused to accept a solution of Nicaragua's internal strife prest upon the contending factions by Henry L. Stimson as personal representative of President Coolidge.

"The Stimson plan called for all factions to lay down their arms. Sandino refused, keeping up the struggle against the American occupation and the Nicaraguan Government, which acquiesced in it.

"His army never numbered more than a few hundred men at a time, but the mountainous nature of the country in the north enabled him to hide at need, and the 5,000 Marines were unable to subdue him.

"Altogether 135 Marine officers and men were killed in the war, and several times as many of Sandino's warriors."

Many American editors have high praise for "the volatile little Latin who," as the Troy *Times* puts it, "challenged the strength of a Goliath and dared to joust with a giant."

"*Viva* Sandino, patriot, and victor!" exclaims the Louisville *Times*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* compares his patriotism to that of Washington and his men.

"What the United States Marines were unable to do to Sandino in five years—pacify him—Sandino has done to himself in twenty-four hours," points out the St. Louis *Star*. "He has kept his promise that he would sign a truce as soon as the armed forces of the United States left the country."

Some editors, happy that we have withdrawn from Nicaragua, wonder with the Newark *Evening News* to what extent Sandino "helped form the present sentiment of the world against interference by one people in another people's affairs."

But not all comment runs in this vein. Our Marines were sent to Nicaragua at the request of the local government, says the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and—

"They held bandits of the Sandino stamp in check, they instituted a workable system of free elections, and they trained a local constabulary, which seemingly has demonstrated its ability to care for further trouble if it arises.

"We would give all due credit to Sandino for his patriotic gesture, but we would not forget that except for his operations, the Marines would have been withdrawn from Nicaragua some years before they were."

"Whether motives of patriotism or realization of his impotence have led Sandino to smoke the pipe of peace," engages the interest of the Washington *Evening Star*, while some editors frankly wonder if Sandino really will keep his word.

At all events, "it is a cheering sight," as the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* remarks, "to see the dove of peace alight somewhere, even if it is only in as minute a republic as Nicaragua."

Our Help Not Wanted

SOUTH AMERICA is organizing to keep the peace without help from Uncle Sam.

Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, the famous ABC group, have joined with Peru to form "a permanent organization claiming exclusive jurisdiction over future conflicts on the South American continent," according to a Buenos Aires cable to the New York *Times*. This dispatch continues:

"The members of Foreign Minister Saavedra Lama's party here say the ABC-Peru group is determined to settle the Chaco conflict without the further assistance or intervention of the United States, and that Washington will not be consulted regarding future negotiations.

"Feeling against the United States throughout South America has increased rapidly during the last year, and the failure of the neutral commission to settle the Chaco conflict has caused the United States to lose much of her already weakened prestige in South America.

"Added hostility to the United States is due to the commercial crisis, for which the United States is also almost exclusively blamed."

This South American gesture, Washington correspondents tell us, arouses no objection or resentment in our State Department. In fact, a Universal Press dispatch tells us, it virtually coincides with "a new policy of non-interference in Latin-American countries," announced by our Government in the first week of this month. The "Colossus of the North," we read, "will keep hands off unless her good offices are requested." The Government, reports the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is willing to yield its rôle as peacemaker in South America with a degree of pleasurable relief."

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"Not Many Crooks" in Congress

FACING AN INFURIATED SENATE, a dapper, brusk, little man, seventy-four years old, is all but smothered in a storm of angry questions.

How did he, the Senate Sergeant-at-arms, dare to make such "charges" against the Senate?

Does he think that members of Congress are crooks? If so, who are they? And where is his evidence?

Crowds in the galleries lean forward to catch every word in the unusual proceedings. Hedged in by hostile inquisitors, nervously shuffling a book, the dapper man with the bristling mustache answers in a low voice as best he can.

There he stands "before the bar of the Senate," under oath, a lonely figure, struggling to explain. He did not, says Sergeant-at-arms David S. Barry, mean to attack the Senate; rather he meant to defend it when he wrote that article "Over the Hill to Demagoguery," which was printed in *The New Outlook*, of which Alfred E. Smith is editor.

But Senatorial nerves have been scraped raw. And the barrage of questions thunders on, swinging back and forth across the antagonizing sentences that Barry admits he wrote. Here they are:

"Contrary, perhaps, to the popular belief, there are not many crooks in Congress, that is, out-and-out grafters, or those who are willing to be such; there are not many Senators or Representatives who sell their vote for money, and it is pretty well known who those few are; but there are many demagogs of the kind that will vote for legislation solely because they think that it will help their political and social fortunes."

That was the dynamite, and this is how it exploded, as told by Elliott Thurston, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record:*

"World problems, the depression, bread-lines—everything was forgotten as the Senate rose in majestic might this afternoon to constitute itself a summary Court for the arraignment and punishment of the now seventy-four-year-old David Sheldon Barry, long a newspaper man, once publicity director for the Republican party, and since 1919 rewarded by that party with the job of Senate Sergeant-at-arms.

"While Senators of both parties boiled over with indignation—some demanding instant dismissal, some debating procedure, some counseling cooler, calmer deliberation—the defenseless culprit, dragged before his august superiors and sworn to tell 'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God,' meekly confessed he did not mean it that way.

"But later he insisted he thought it was true, anyway."

AND then Mr. Thurston gives us a bit of the examination as conducted by Senator Watson, Republican leader:

MR. WATSON: "Who are these Senators and Representatives who you know have sold their votes for money?"

MR. BARRY: "I have not the slightest idea. I had no Senator in mind, and I do not know there is such a Senator."

MR. WATSON: "What, then, Mr. Barry, did you mean by that language?"

MR. BARRY: "My idea in writing that was to defend the Senate from the popular belief that there are crooks and grafters here."

But this placated nobody. On and on went the questioning, hours of it, as other Senators took a hand. Not one Senator defended Mr. Barry, we read. Some were all for his instant dismissal. Others advised waiting until tempers had cooled. Senator Walsh, Montana Democrat, wanted to refer the record to the District Attorneys of the District of Columbia and New York for possible prosecution under the libel laws.

The upshot, that day, was that the Senate voted to suspend Mr. Barry and refer the case to the Judiciary Committee.

Appearing before the committee, Mr. Barry declared that "I would not willingly have done anything to impugn the Senate's honor" and added that any implication of corruption that might be drawn from what he had written was similar to charges made by Senators Glass and Nye. Mr. Barry said:

"If it is an offense to have said what I said in my article, then not alone am I guilty, for on the 10th of May, 1932, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, speaking on the subject of the opposition of certain bankers to the proposed legislation in regard to branch banking, said:

"'They hired a skilful and persuasive professional lobbyist and paid him a salary to come here to Washington—worse than that, they hired some Congressmen to my positive documentary knowledge—to oppose even that small measure of branch banking.'"

International

"Few Out-and-Out Grafters"

"But many demagogs in Congress," said Senate Sergeant-at-arms David S. Barry, and the Senate fired him.

UNANIMOUSLY, the Judiciary Committee recommended Mr. Barry's removal. By a vote of 53 to 17, the Senate decided to oust its Sergeant-at-arms, less than a month before he would have lost his job anyway with the change of Administrations.

But it was a bitter fight, and this time Mr. Barry did not lack defenders. Foremost among them was Senator Logan, Kentucky Democrat, who likened the proceedings to "mob rule."

"He did not libel me. He did not mean me," declared the Kentuckian, adding that Mr. Barry wrote of Congressmen as a class and not this particular Congress.

Senators themselves, said Senator Glenn, Illinois Republican, do not hesitate to make charges, "knowing we have thrown about us the mantle of immunity from prosecution."

But Senator Norris, insurgent Republican of Nebraska, said that Mr. Barry "is different from an outsider"—

"He has access to the floor of the Senate, the same as a Senator: and naturally the people of the country, when such an officer, one of the highest officers of the Senate, said to the world, 'there are crooks in Congress; they sell their votes for money, but there are not very many of them; the balance of them are just demagogs,' it would be a stretch of reason and logic to say that such language was a defense of the Senate or the House. Even tho the writer said it was, that does not make it so."

Bitter words are heaped upon the Senate by many editors, while some uphold its action.

"Natural but puerile" to the Troy *Times*, it is "shameful and ridiculous" to the Boston *Herald*, "a sparrow hunt with heavy artillery; capital punishment for a triviality. A supposedly responsible body picks on a hired man after dilly-dallying for months with matters of national importance, and after setting day by day a flagrant example of slothfulness."

But the Washington *News* takes the opposite view, finding that "the Senate has acted properly" and "if Mr. Barry has no proof, he should be punished by the law."

"Set it down," says the Washington *Post*, "as a case of frayed nerves yielding to prolonged and excessive pressure of work."

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No "Swap" on the Debt, Says Chamberlain

"A CROSS BETWEEN A WAX-WORK FIGURE and an undertaker," he is "reminiscent of a cartoonist's villain, with his lanky form and bushy, drooping, black mustache."

Thus a London observer describes Neville Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer.

And to American eyes, in the light of his startling statement that the British offer nothing in return for revision of the debt, he looms as the undertaker of the coming conference, the villain of the debt drama.

On every hand his statement is deplored or bludgeoned.

"I deprecate the idea," he said, "of the coming debt negotiations being a great swapping deal."

His remarks, addrest to the Association of American Correspondents of London, "were the clearest statement yet made by a responsible British statesman to indicate that Britain has nothing to offer America as compensation for reduction of the debt."

So we are told by Raymond Gram Swing, London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who adds that when asked point-blank what Britain could offer, Mr. Chamberlain replied:

"That is a conception a little different from the conception in the mind of the British Government. It is not our conception that if a debtor asks a favor of a creditor, the creditor asks one of the debtor in return.

"Our view is an adjustment as much in the interest of the creditor as the debtor. The agreement must be one of mutual advantage, and not one of give and take."

International

Not "Give and Take"

But "mutual advantage" must be the principle governing the debt conferences, says Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Even without this admission," adds Mr. Swing, "Mr. Chamberlain had narrowed the possibilities of British concessions. He admitted that British hands were tied by the Ottawa agreements, tho he said there was room for useful arrangements not conflicting with them." But "he did make a definite bid for tariff discussions at Washington" by saying:

"I hope they will be among the subjects to be discust there when we come to talk of war debts. We are all dependent on each other, and must exchange our products."

THUS the debt problem, which has steadily increased in importance since the beginning of the 1932 Presidential campaign, enters a new phase. On December 15, it will be recalled, England paid the $95,000,000 she owed, while France defaulted on her $19,000,000 payment.

President Hoover then discust reconsideration of the war debts with President-elect Roosevelt. In this they failed to agree, but the upshot was that Washington, at Mr. Roosevelt's instigation, invited England to send a debt representative here early in March when Mr. Roosevelt will be in office. The next payment on the debt is due June 15.

Washington receives the Chamberlain statement with mixed feelings.

"If that's the way they feel about it," declares Senator McKellar, Tennessee Democrat, as quoted in the press, "we just ought to let the matter drop right where it is."

Concern is felt in some quarters lest the Chamberlain speech nullify the debt conference with Mr. Roosevelt before it begins. On the other hand, we read, some officials believe that the British are taking an extreme stand now in order to magnify the importance of any concession made later.

One of the first to reply to the British Chancellor was Senator Borah, Idaho Republican, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who said:

"If Mr. Chamberlain means that his Government is unwilling to consider any question at the economic conference other than the debts, then we should save both time and expense and call off the conference.

"It will be difficult, indeed, I think impossible, to secure even a postponement of these debts, much more difficult to secure a reduction, unless other economic problems are considered and adjusted at the same time. So if Great Britain has already reached a conclusion on these matters, we have no alternative but to stand by the debt statement heretofore made.

"Mr. Chamberlain speaks of its being 'as much in the interest of the creditor nations as the debtor nation' to adjust the debts. I am of the opinion that it is as much in the interest of one nation as another to adjust all these economic problems which stand in the way of economic world recovery and to reopen markets, to revive trade and commerce, and to rebuild the purchasing power of the masses.

"If any nation supposes that it can, by reason of its cheap currency system, exempt itself from the world's economic conditions and threatened collapse, it will find, in my opinion, that it is taking a very narrow, selfish and ruinous position."

AND with that statement many of our editors agree.

"It is not always that Senator Borah is the voice of the American people in either foreign or domestic affairs," remarks the Washington *Evening Star*, but this time, it finds, "he indubitably speaks their language."

Pointing out that "a sentiment distinctly friendly to England has been developing in the United States" and that "a disposition to compromise on liberal terms is noticeable," the Boston *Herald* adds:

"Utterances like Chamberlain's will quickly check the spread of this sympathy, and might easily induce a renewal of the bitter Anglophobia which has been common on many occasions."

Angrily, the New York *American* of the Hearst press declares that Chamberlain's utterances "are a libel upon England. He endangers a friendship which is the best hope of peace and recovery for the world."

Calling the British Chancellor "a clumsy diplomat," the Camden *Courier-Post* says that "he seems determined to make the problem of debt reconsideration as difficult as possible"—

"This newspaper has long favored debt concession in exchange for tangible benefits through trade concessions and arms reductions. While we believe such a policy is the very best for this nation, we have recognized that popular sentiment leans the other way. If, now, Mr. Chamberlain intends to tell us that we will get nothing in exchange for debt-revision, then negotiations are so much folly."

But Mr. Chamberlain "gave an impression quite contrary, apparently, to what he intended," says the Hartford *Courant*:

"Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor the Government for which he speaks is opposed to any of the undertakings—disarmament, stabilization of currencies, removal of barriers against trade—that have been proposed in connection with the debts.

"On the contrary, he and his Government favor all of the proposals. What they do not want is to involve them with the debts, but to discuss each of them separately, treating each on its own merits. Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain did his best to make the position of Great Britain as opaque as possible."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

FRENCH cabinets should be fitted with parachutes.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE short session of Congress seems to be the Long session.—*Fresno Republican.*

TIMES are so tough this year that a lot of men are wearing their Christmas neckties.—*Judge.*

THE real contest is between the Japanese yen and the Chinese stork.—*St. Thomas (Ont.) Times-Journal.*

TELL your grocer about the British discovery that whoever tries to collect a debt will be ruined.—*Washington Post.*

ACCORDING to a Sioux chief visiting this country, a brave of the tribe never speaks to his mother-in-law except through his wife. We don't call that brave.—*Punch (London).*

ANOTHER difficulty is that we wish to be saved as we were in 1929 instead of 1912.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

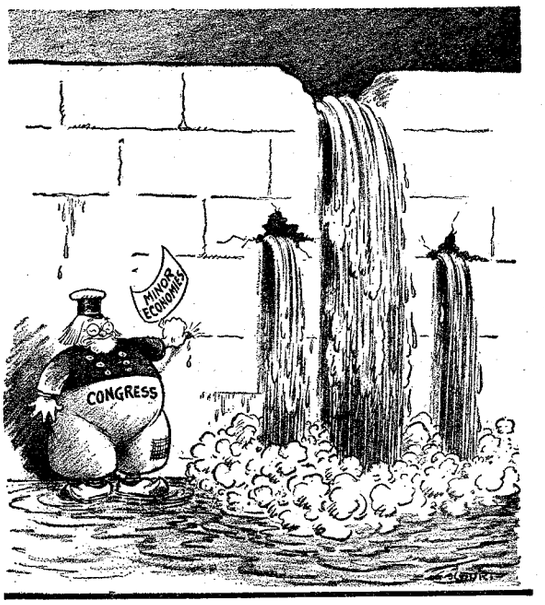
JAPAN'S service to international good-will seems to consist largely in preventing overproduction.—*San Diego Union.*

THE secret of the gang of swindlers in London who have been making illicit whisky seems to be a secret still.—*Punch.*

LET'S see; the purchasing power of the people is decreasing, so we must increase commodity prices.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

A CRAZE for puzzles, we are told, is sweeping the country. Heaven knows there are enough puzzles to satisfy the craze.—*Lynchburg News.*

FORTUNATELY the Senate subcommittee which speaks highly of 3.05 per cent. wine has no control over women and song.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*



The Little Dutch Boy!

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

THE internal revenue department displays a wonderful spirit of optimism in sending out its 1933 income tax forms.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

CHINESE publicists are outwitting the enemy by announcing the recapture of cities that the Japs haven't attacked yet.—*San Diego Union.*

HOPE things will soon shape themselves so that we won't have to revamp that simile to read: "As extinct as the dough-dough."—*Boston Herald.*

PLATFORM people from abroad find us Americans pretty much like peanuts. We shell out better after we've been roasted.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

IF the devil can find plenty for idle hands to do, a number of our fellow citizens are wondering why the devil he doesn't.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WE hope, when machines finally take over the control of the world, they'll make as many improvements in us as we made in them.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE sad part is that we'll never know how much sooner the depression would have ended if statesmen had let it alone.—*Woodstock (Ont.) Sentinel-Review.*

A MACHINE just perfected detects differences of a millionth of an inch. With further refinements it may even be possible to distinguish the amateur sport star from the pro.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

IF Carter Glass becomes Secretary of the Treasury, he will find that things have not changed much around the old place. Practically all the money he borrowed during the war is still borrowed.—*The New Yorker.*

WAR Debt Version: Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrung!—*Judge.*

NEW YORK'S longest parade continues to be that of the passing dividends.—*Wichita Eagle.*

HAVE you bought your lot for the Florida boom in the Tennessee Valley?—*Washington Post.*

IT seems that the inventor of technocracy doesn't know very much about it either.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THERE'S one consolation. When the gas tax gets a little higher, the railroads will be saved.—*Chico (Cal.) Record.*

ONLY a Chicago school board that cuts the imaginary salaries of teachers can wholly appreciate the French desire for a scaling down of non-payments.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

BASEBALL clubs are all going to cut expenses this season. Well, that's our national game.—*Judge.*

OUR declining birth-rate may indicate that posterity has got some inkling of what's in store for it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THEY jail you for receiving stolen goods, and then make you pay to hear stolen wisecracks on the stage.—*Illinois State-Register.*

THE lure of that land of sunshine can not be resisted. Why, even the snow seems to have fallen hard for California.—*Boston Herald.*

A SCIENTIST tells us that most of mankind is mad. "Mad" has two meanings, but he's probably right either way.—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

JOHN BULL S attitude that he is doing us a favor when he permits us to cancel his debts does not seem to be making a hit in this country.—*Washington Post.*

WHEN there's an international conference to get at the bottom of things, one of the things is Uncle Sam's pocket.—*San Diego Tribune.*

THE weakness in Stalin's plan is the fact that it's easier to fill an empty head than an empty stomach.—*Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard.*

FROM present indications, the White House door-step is going to be pretty crowded with European debt babies—just babies.—*The New Yorker.*

A MAN named Little has walked from New York to Los Angeles and back. Another instance of a Little going a long way.—*The Humorist (London).*

SPEAKING of tax refunds, isn't it strange that the rich alone are dumb enough to make mistakes in their returns?—*Huntington (Ind.) Herald-Press.*

ONE hardly realizes that Sinclair Lewis's new realistic novel is fiction at all, until just near the end, when a Tammany politician goes to jail.—*Boston Herald.*

AN eminent banker says the way to end the depression is to eliminate fear. And an easy way to end fear would be to eliminate the depression.—*San Diego Union.*

ACCORDING to an authority, there are fewer counterfeiters in the country than formerly. Probably the difficulty in getting samples of good money to work from is the reason.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

A CABLE reports that a Solomon Island native "has just paid $1,800 for a wife on the instalment plan, and will be the rest of his life paying for her." Well, well. Things are pretty much the same this world over, aren't they?—*Louisville Herald-Post.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Verdun Over Again in El Gran Chaco

THE BLOODIEST BATTLES in modern South American history are under way at the "Verdun of the Chaco," as Fort Nanawa—also called Ayala—is known to-day.

German methods of attack are again pitted against dogged French defense.

It is a climax in the "undeclared war" between Bolivia and Paraguay over El Gran Chaco, which has been going on for nearly eight months.

"More thousands have been killed than anybody cares to tell," according to Dr. Arthur E. Elliott, American missionary in Paraguay and president of the International College at Asuncion. He adds: "Other thousands have died of thirst, starvation, and disease."

Wide World photograph

A German Commands

Gen. Hans Kundt, naturalized Bolivian, directs the Bolivian Chaco offensive against the Paraguayans.

At the "Verdun of the Chaco," 15,000 men of Bolivia's Southern Army, under personal command of Gen. Hans Kundt, an Iron Cross veteran of the World War, were held at bay for nearly a month by Paraguayans, under the Chief-of-Staff Col. José Estigarribia, whose war training was obtained in the French lines opposite the Germans.

General Kundt, the press note, is a naturalized Bolivian. The reason is the Versailles Treaty forbids Germany to supply officers to other nations.

A VIVID picture of the tactics of the conflict round Fort Nanawa or Ayala is given by John W. White in a Buenos Aires cable to the New York *Times*, in which he relates that rains and floods temporarily halted the movements of large bodies of troops. But the Bolivian and Paraguayan communiqués daily recite fierce attacks and stubborn resistance both at Nanawa and Fernandez, where Bolivia's Northern Army is trying to break through to Arce and Alihuata. Moreover:

"General Kundt is reported to be trying a vast enveloping movement in which the Northern and Southern armies are cooperating, with the eventual objective of recapturing Arce and Alihuata.

"If the Bolivians can take Nanawa, they are said to plan to move northward and take Falcon. The two Bolivian armies then would be ready to attack Arce and Alihuata from the northwest and southeast.

"The Bolivian recapture of Arce and Alihuata would make the Bolivians masters of the Chaco, with their two armies united twenty-five miles behind the Paraguayan Army, which is entrenched across the Saavedra-Arce road, five and a half miles north of Saavedra, preventing a Bolivian advance from Saavedra.

"With Nanawa in Bolivian possession the Paraguayans at Saavedra would be cut off from retreat.

"The Paraguayans realize the entire military situation depends on their ability to hold Nanawa and at the same time, if possible, prevent the fall of Fernandez, which would endanger Arce.

"When the Paraguayans retired from Kilometer Seven (now called Camp Jordan), where they were attacking Saavedra, they withdrew their defenses one and a quarter miles northward, where now, entrenched at the edge of thick timber, their positions are better defended from Bolivian fire than when they formerly were located in a clearing at Kilometer Seven."

The vast region of El Chaco, which Bolivia and Paraguay each claim, is more than 100,000 square miles in area, larger than the States of Pennsylvania and New York combined.

It is an immense stretch of swamps, plains, and dense jungle, the frontiers of which touch Brazil, Paraguay, Argentina, and Bolivia. More than a century ago, writes a contributor to the New York *Times*, the seeds of to-day's quarrel were sown, and for more than fifty years the two countries have been at swords' points.

So important do Paraguay and Bolivia consider the Chaco that they have all along kept their armies behind a line of forts stretching across the district. El Gran Chaco Boreal, this informant goes on to say—

"Takes its name from the northern part of the Audiencia of Charcas, an administrative district in Spanish Colonial days, and is not so worthless as a brief description would seem to indicate. There may be oil there. Already the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has a large concession on the fringe of the Chaco.

"Along the banks of its many rivers cattle are raised, and meat packing has become a fair-sized industry. Natives cut quebracho wood from which tannin is made.

"But more important is the fact that Bolivia finds the Chaco of strategic and commercial value because of the navigable Paraguay River, while Paraguay seeks to compensate herself there for losses of territory in her war with Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina."

Wide World photograph

French War Veteran

Col. José Estigarribia, Commander-in-Chief of the Paraguayan forces in El Gran Chaco.

AN English writer has said that "when our ancestors invented hell they had no knowledge of the Chaco." But this *Times* contributor points out that tho most of it is nothing but swamps, sluggish rivers and almost impassable jungle, there are many millions of acres of uplands covered with grass, but never rising over 1,000 feet above sea-level.

The area is described as abounding with mosquitoes and fever. Jaguars, alligators, the deadly piranas, tapirs, and peccaries are found there, as well as many beautifully colored birds and insects.

The more formal claims which each country makes to El Gran Chaco, notes this *Times* contributor, are based on Spanish-Colonial documents. It is an accepted principle that the territorial limits of the Latin-American Republics shall follow the administrative divisions of the Spanish-Colonial system, and we read:

"Thus Bolivia bases her claim on the Audiencia of Charcas, while Paraguay bases hers on a later Audiencia created by the Viceroyalty of Buenos Aires. Those who have studied the available documents say they are so ambiguous that both claims can be substantiated."

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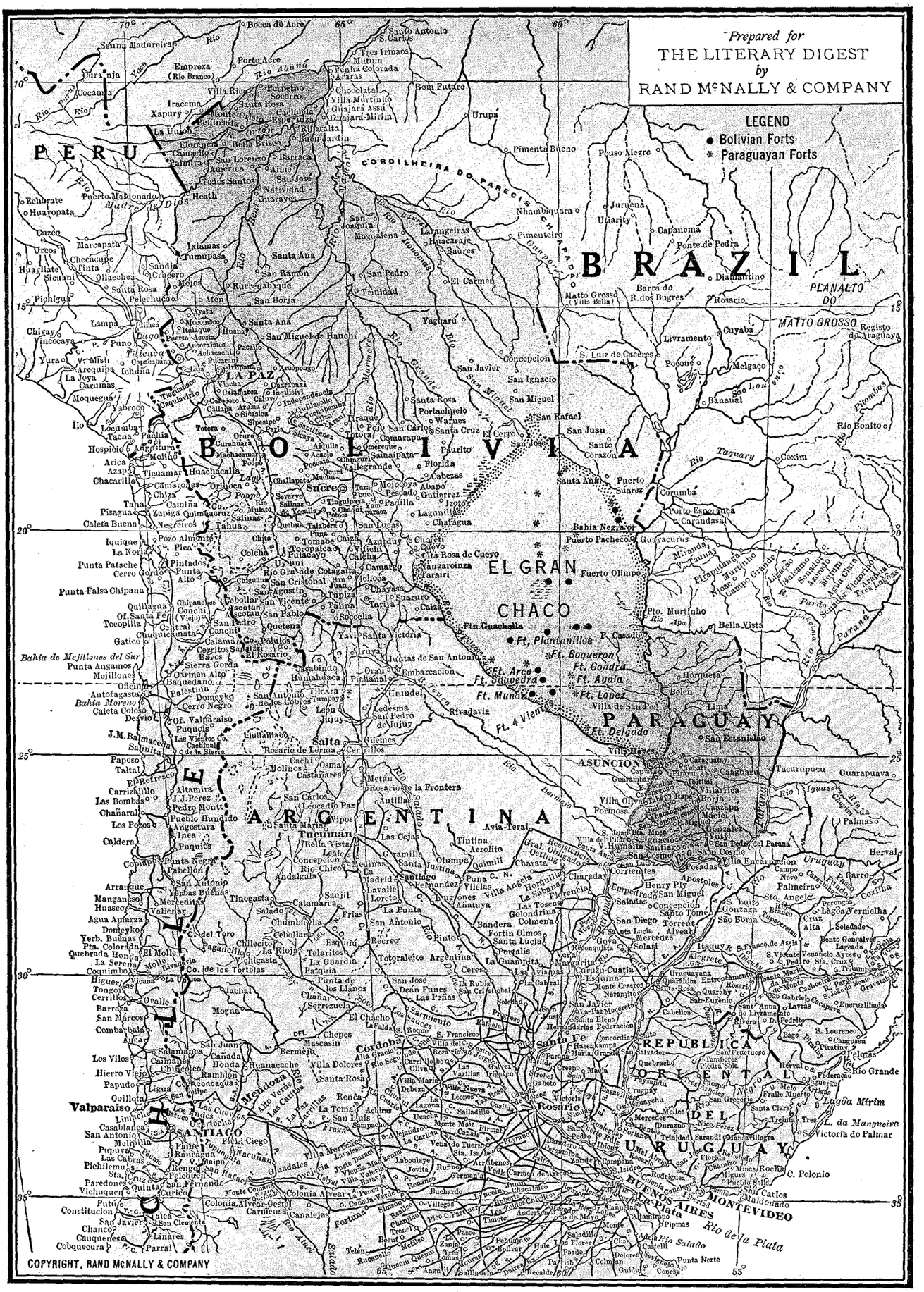

EL GRAN CHACO, WHERE BOLIVIA AND PARAGUAY ARE AT WAR

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Soviet Rejoicing Over Five-Year Successes

SHOUTS OF TRIUMPH are heard in the Soviet press and in official speeches over "practically complete fulfilment" of the first Five-Year Plan.

"Our achievements are enormous," assert Soviet spokesmen, and this despite some failures and the hampering effect of food difficulties and various other troubles.

"Our country," they claim, has become one of the leading industrial nations in the world.

This means not only further progress along these lines at home, they say, but furtherance of the World Revolution.

We have heard plenty of complaints of the shortcomings and failures of the Five-Year Plan; now it may be well to hear something of the other side.

Soviet Russia has put much more money into her industries, it is alleged, than she even arranged for in the first Five-Year Plan. Her workers are said to have gained great increases in wages.

But also there has been an amazing advance along cultural lines, it is said. And this is shown in the fact that the percentage of literacy has risen from 67 per cent. in 1930 to 90 per cent. in 1932.

Learning Their A-B-C's

Illiterate adults being taught to read on the collective farm "Bolshevik" near Merv in Turkmenistan, in the Soviet educational drive.

—"Soviet Travel" (Moscow).

MEANWHILE it is pointed out, with a tone of ironic pity, how badly off all the capitalist countries have been faring, while Russia has been forging ahead. So the Soviet Russians, we are told, enter upon the first year of the Second Five-Year Plan with confidence and ardor. Success has been won, says *Pravda*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, in spite of the stubborn opposition of "class enemies" within the country, in spite of counter-revolutionists, kulaks, Trotzkyist traitors, renegades of the Right, opportunists, and scoundrels of every description. This newspaper goes on:

"All these hindrances have not prevented us from entirely remolding our whole land, lifting its international and military might to an unprecedented standard and transforming it into one of the leading industrial countries of the world.

"These facts mean a very great deal not only for the further progress of Socialistic industrialization in our country, but also for the success of the proletarian world revolution. Not mistakenly did Comrade Stalin begin his recent speech on the completion of the first Five-Year Plan in four years by referring to the significance of its triumph for the workers in the capitalistic countries."

Similar self-congratulation appears in a speech by a high Soviet official, which is recorded in *Izvestia*, organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow. He is D. Sulimov, Premier of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, the largest republic comprised in the Soviet Union. Mr. Sulimov, as will be seen, compares conditions in his country to the great disadvantage of conditions in the so-called capitalistic world. *Izvestia* reports him in part as follows:

"In a sense, during these four years, we have done more than was foreseen by the Five-Year Plan. We have invested more money in the economic development of our country than was originally planned.

"Instead of 18.8 billion rubles, we put 23.3 billion rubles into our industries, that is to say, 24 per cent. more than planned; and in our agriculture we invested 9.4 billion instead of the 7.2 billion, or 30 per cent. more than planned. [Soviet Russian financial authorities in the United States put the value of the ruble at 51½ cents, in American money.]

"We have attained to 93.7 per cent. of the planned increase in our industrial production. This means that our industrial production is to-day 334 per cent. greater than it was in the pre-war years and 219 per cent. above what it was in 1928. Meanwhile, in the capitalistic countries, industry has been going backward further and further."

MR. SULIMOV feels really sorry about the pace with which iron and steel production in capitalistic countries has fallen off. In the production of pig-iron, he asserts, there has been a decline to the figures of 30 years ago, and in the output of steel the capitalist countries have dropt to the figures of twenty-five years ago. In England things are much worse, he avers, for there the steel figures show a shrinking to the levels of 1860. Now Mr. Sulimov claims proudly:

"As for the Soviet Union, it has increased its production of pig-iron by 43 per cent. during these same years, that is to say, since 1929. Moreover, we now produce ten times as many machines as in the pre-war times.

"The Soviet Union now produces 21 per cent. of all machines made in the world, and in the Soviet Union 25 per cent. of all machines made in the world are used.

"In our technical and economic development we have risen to the position of one of the leading industrial States in the world, and our economic independence now is firmly secured. And this, of course, means a great deal in the sense of our military defensive ability."

HOW fortunate Russian workers have been is proclaimed to the world in a resolution of the Central Committee of the Communist party, which also appears in *Izvestia:*

"During these four years, the wages of our workmen employed in the heavy industries have increased by 67 per cent., which is 18 per cent. better than was foreseen by the plan. Our fund of social insurance has increased in the same years by 292 per cent.

"Our industrial development and the growing well-being of our masses naturally have resulted in rapid cultural progress. The number of children attending our primary schools has increased from 10 million in 1928 to 19 million at the end of 1932.

"We are completing arrangements for the introduction of compulsory universal education. The percentage of literacy in the population has risen from 67 per cent. in 1930 to 90 per cent. in 1932.

"The number of pupils attending grammar schools has risen in the last four years from 1,600,000 to 4,350,000. As for the pupils in technical schools and other technical institutions, it has increased from 264,000 to 1,437,000. And instead of 166,000 students in the universities in 1928, there are now 500,000."

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Wells Shatters the "Bulps"

ONCE WE WERE BABBITTS; how many of us are now "Bulps"?

This novelistic coining of new characters has passed from Lewis to Wells, according to William Soskin of the New York *Evening Post*, who reviews H. G. Wells's "Mr. Bulpington of Blup" (Macmillan):

"When your boss cuts your wages in half because 'we must all stick together and see it through in the name of humanity, the flag, and international peace,' and not because he can't pay the month's bills—he is bulping.

"When the professor of sociology or economics chooses to ignore the phenomenon of unemployment and the collapse of international trade and urges his class to 'buy American' or to stick by the old protective tariff until the next industrial cycle clicks prosperity back, he is bulping. To bulp means, I think, to give voice to defensive illusions despite one's better, inner, realistic knowledge."

From a drawing by Marcel Maurel

He Gives Us a New Word

When you build up a fictitious inner-self, H. G. Wells says you're "bulping."

Wells has created a "hero" who bulped all through his life. In youth and early manhood it was rather charming make-believe. This introverted youngster built up another self than his real physical and mental one, and found a great many prewar ideas and movements that nourished his illusions.

Science, personified in his greatest friend, didn't contribute much. But Mr. Wells has an eye out to make it triumph in the end, over what he seems to look upon as the fads and fancies of prewar intellectual life.

BUT Mr. Soskin seems not to take Wells at his own valuation:

"The really lovely thing about 'The Bulpington of Blup' is the devilish deceit by which Wells builds up the young esthete so that his romantic flirtations with religion and science, his 'free' education, and his little tastes of Fabian Society scholarship constitute a cycle of fairly normal, slightly emancipated experience of the prewar liberal.

"Young *Bulpington*, his adolescence, and the secret ideals of his better, idealized self revealed to us through his imaginary kingdom of Blup, becomes a most sympathetically realized character. You or I, in fact, but for the grace of H. G. Wells.

"And having put the young man through a cultural and romantic evolution which makes him a veritable modern pilgrim undergoing painful progress, and having surrounded him with all the Temptation, Passion, Evil and Good essential to a twentieth-century Everyman, and having pricked him with only gentle and bright satirical thrusts, Wells suddenly strips the fellow of every vestige of self-illusion. The interesting tremors and the nervousness of his war experience become nothing more than rather elementary, natural cowardice.

"All the horror he undergoes in the trenches is pictured with quite as much power as the young men who wrote so many war books displayed—but Wells's picture has the added force of not permitting sheer horror to dignify anything.

"The real heroes of his book are the 'fanatics for truth,' the men and women who had the moral courage to resist emotional regimentation."

Mr. Wells takes a shot at the postwar literature, especially as practised by his war-unmasked hero who exprest their ideals in this way:

"There would be new forms, new men, new schools. The old reputations stood up over us now like great empty hulls that had served their purpose—Hardy, Barrie, Conrad, Kipling, Galsworthy, Bennett, Wells, Shaw, Maugham, and so forth; they had all said what they had to say; they were finished. They had nothing more to tell us. . . . They were prewar. They ought to have gone on to the bonfires of Armistice Day."

At which Mr. Soskin for the moment assumes the novelist's voice:

"Oh, yeah? says Wells. Maybe Barrie, Kipling, and Galsworthy are through; but the H. G. Wells who held out against all the bulping before the war, during the war, and after the war is not through by a long shot. It was fashionable, he knows, to regard the liberals and all the 'fanatics' who clung to their pacifist, sane ideas and to the economic fundamentals as little prigs, fellows without enough imagination to soar above the crude, elementary problems. Well, the little prigs seem to have been right, says Wells, and he hurls this truly deadly novel at the heads of the young bulpers."

OF course the plot is long and intricate, and can only be indicated here. It is an enthralling story that enlists much sympathy for the principal character, until Mr. Wells by means of the war begins to wield the scalpel.

In the latter reaches of the tale, according to Mary Ross, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, it "becomes a broadside not far from farce":

"It is as tho Mr. Wells had caught in the balloon which was *Theodore* all the histrionics that ever had irritated him in well-fed poseurs and then tried to see how big he could blow the balloon before it burst. If *Theodore* had had a shred of integrity within himself, this story of his disintegration would have been tragic. Since he was what he was, it becomes merely the personal 'disaster' of the sub-title and not so much the story of an individual as a satire on the hypocrisies which he is made to embody.

"Mr. Wells is both a skilled and an exuberant pricker of balloons; it is great sport watching him wield the lancet of science against overblown romanticism. To what he conceives as honest endeavor he gives not only respect but tenderness. A writer with less insight might have made *Theodore's* mother also a comic character, but here her earnestness and her capacity for self-criticism made her, tho futile, a real and a moving person.

"For the child *Theodore*, against whom the cards were stacked by his pretentious father and the *clichés* of the times, Mr. Wells also demands indulgence so long as he is among the exploited: it is only when he in turn takes on the rôle of the exploiter that the furies are let loose.

"The story becomes essentially not the exposé of an individual, or even a type, but the edged and amusing exploration of evasions from which no 'contemporary brain' is immune."

THO the novel is "dominated by the philosophy of Freud," the London *Times* finds it fortunate that "Mr. Wells's sense of humor, which was formed long before the days of psychoanalysis, rises superior to his thesis." So in this vein *The Times* judges:

"The *Bulpington* may have been a very lamentable young man—he was a posturing schoolboy, an insincere lover in his adolescence, and during the war an effusive patriot, who tried to shirk service, and when forced to the front narrowly escaped being shot for conduct which it took a soft-hearted doctor to

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diagnose as a case of shell-shock—and yet we can not do anything but chuckle at his shifts and disguises.

"Even his last phase, when, as the veteran '*Captain Blup-Bulpington* at your service,' he is left telling gorgeous lies to old maiden ladies over the port wine, and drunkenly defying the moon in the name of a sublime philosophy of mendacity, seems to leave no moral sting.

"Maybe we should take his case more seriously if Mr. Wells were less naive in his assumption that truthfulness and clear-sightedness are the monopoly of those who work in laboratories, and humbug the peculiar mainspring of conservatives in politics

She Signs the American Contract

The aging prima donna, as Edith Evans sees her, refuses to give in to a fading voice, and plans another "farewell" tour.

or religion. Over against the *Bulpington of Blup* stand the *Broxteds*, a scientific, Socialistic family, foreshadowing the 'Inheritors,' the new race of the cold, dry light that is going to remodel man and his environment with a salutary hardness, proof against human illusions.

"They provide the tale with its beautiful but rather chilling heroine, *Margaret Broxted*, who looks like the Delphic Sibyl of the Sistine, and can not put up with *Theodore*—for which we hardly blame her."

Wells's message is usually so provocative that reviewers spend little time on his purely literary qualities.

Not so "R. M. C.," who writes in *The New Yorker:*

"It occurs to me to wonder why more attention hasn't been paid to H. G. Wells as a stylist. I don't mean as a fashioner of purple passages particularly, tho he can conjure up an evocative phrase on occasion too. But somebody ought to write a nice long piece some time about the workmanlike precision of his writing; about the sharp definiteness of his vocabulary, so that each word, unaffected and unambiguous, has an air of looking you straight in the face and meaning just what it says it means; and about the Latin clarity of his prose, which for all its seeming looseness of structure is never unwieldy or turgid but always lucid and free-flowing, with each sentence leading lightly, unerringly on to the next; and, above all, about his gift for vivid descriptive metaphor, and his mastery of compact and effective characterization."

A Prima Donna's Tantrums

IT MIGHT BE A SARAH SIDDONS with her stentorian voice and sweeping gesture returned to the footlights.

But it is Edith Evans, one of Britain's most accomplished actresses, who reveals in "Evensong" more of the art of acting than we've seen in many seasons.

People devoted to the "natural," inaudible school of to-day may find her overdoing the rôle of the aging prima donna who clutches at the glories of her past and refuses to believe that nature and the years can rob her of her voice.

Miss Evans presents a striking contrast to the "spiritual beauty" of her *Florence Nightingale*, revealed last season in "The Lady With a Lamp," in the "faded, imperious, feline opera singer." The phrases are Brooks Atkinson's of the New York *Times* in describing Miss Evans's "superb" portrayal of *Irela*. We read:

"She leaves no note untouched in the long scale of an opera singer's temperament. For this *Irela*, whose vanity keeps her singing, tho the years have tightened her voice, is harridan and *grande dame*, a cat and a queen, a spleenish, avaricious, cruel old lady, and still a vital figure in the world of art.

"Altho Miss Evans is not a dazzling actress, it is fascinating to see with what dynamic versatility she brings a part to life. She etches every detail neatly. *Irela* is a woman to be reckoned with. She is petulant, gay, overbearing, tender, covetous, and diabolically jealous.

"In the fury of her temperamental transports she can be ugly. Withal she is tremendously vigorous, for old and beaten tho she may be, life still boils in her blood. It is a fine part for bravure acting. But Miss Evans never cheapens it. She is a fastidious artist, as London playgoers have reason to know, and she creates out of the routine fragments of the drama a monumental character."

THE play is built up by Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols, from Mr. Nichols's novel of the same title, wherein the character of the opera singer has been identified in various sources as representing the late Nellie Melba. Mr. Nichols was once private secretary for Madame Melba, and so had first-hand opportunity to study his model.

The play has had great success in London, where Melba to her last days reigned a favorite, and, of course, denials have been forthcoming that the great diva is here intended. Australia, however, took the novel as a base slander on its brilliant daughter, and gave free voice to its indignation.

Our critics have not been in a welcoming mood to the play as a play, but Mr. Atkinson forgives its shortcomings for its suitability as a vehicle to Miss Evans. These are his words:

"If the drama gives her the materials for creation, perhaps it has done enough. Mr. Knoblock and Mr. Nichols have done a decent job of fiction transposition. In one respect they have improved upon the novel. They have exorcized the subversive malice that makes Mr. Nichols's writing vaguely distasteful.

"But still you will recognize 'Evensong' as a story that belongs to the theater at second-hand. The spurious bustle of the reception scenes, where actors can give such bad imitations of people of quality, and the impulsive bobbing in and out of the young lover from Canada have the look of stage carpentry. Unlike the character portrait of *Irela*, 'Evensong,' is not a homogeneous work of art.

"But in its diffuse and ponderous fashion it tells the story of *Irela's* battle against time. You see her welcoming her niece to her home. You see her berating her manager, condescending to her admirers after the opera, insulting the rival Spanish singer, upbraiding her niece's suitor, melting again into the arms of the man she loved, suffering a stroke of paralysis, quarreling with her niece, and then signing a contract for an American tour.

"As the niece, Jane Wyatt gives a fresh and believable performance that balances Miss Evans admirably. As the introspective manager, Jacob Ben Ami is still rigid, courteous and

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reserved. Leyla Georgie keeps the Spanish singer fiery with Latin rage. Owen Davis, Jr., keeps the young Canadian suitor well within the range of juvenile acting. But it is often the misfortune of dramatized novels that the characters walk and speak, but never live, and most of 'Evensong' moves in that land of dead spirits.

"Miss Wyatt gives the niece the flush of life. And Miss Evans charges *Irela* with enormous vitality. Being a thorough artist, she can understand an artist and illuminate a tumultuous character."

Forty Years of Play Incubating

PROF. GEORGE PIERCE BAKER of the Yale School of drama has signed off.

The current year will end his activities as playwright incubator, and the task will be given over to Mr. Allardyce Nicoll, an Englishman from East London College.

Nicoll is described as a "first-rate man."

Professor Baker, a man of broad brow and firm-set lips, who wears his pince-nez with flowing ribbons, spent thirty-six years at Harvard and eight at Yale, and turned out pupils who, he feels, "have done their share in writing the country's plays, and have begun to do their share in producing."

A roll-call of these pupils in an interview in the New York *Herald Tribune*, by Ben Robertson, Jr., mentions many well-known names, but forgets to include Edward Sheldon, whose later work has been accomplished under the extreme of physical handicaps:

"That workshop produced Eugene O'Neill, a very interesting student, so much more mature, so deeper in his experience' than his companions; it produced Philip Barry, whom Professor Baker calls 'Phil'; Sidney Howard, Edward Knoblock, and Hermann Hagedorn. Critics who received his instruction include Van Wyck Brooks, Heywood Broun, and Walter Prichard Eaton. Producers include Kenneth Macgowan, Theresa Helburn, Winthrop Ames, and Maurice Wertheim. Stage designers number Lee Simonson, Robert Edmond."

Acme

Yale To Lose Him

Professor Baker will soon rest on his laurels gained through training famous bright-lights of the drama.

The last category omits, perhaps through modesty, Donald Oenslager, who also holds a post on Professor Baker's Yale staff.

The million-dollar Harkness Drama School at Yale has justified itself in these words of President Angell:

"Not only have former students emerged on Broadway as playwrights and producers, but they also are to be found in every section of the country as directors of little-theater groups and teachers of university dramatics."

THE greatest difficulty the young American has in writing plays, says Professor Baker, is "to learn to judge his manuscript from the point of view of his audience, rather than that of himself." Further:

"The average young man writes about what interests him, and he writes about it as he would like to have it written; it takes discipline and adjustment to life to write from the other angle, from the angle of what interests other people.

"The trouble with young men in this country, too, is that they think just because they have learned the mechanics of writing a play that they can sit down, call out the rules, and write a play. They forget that the qualities of the mind, the understanding, must be developed. Here again it becomes such a personal thing.

"Everything depends on the individual. A man like O'Neill, for instance, gets the tragedies of life from roaming the world. Another, like Phil Barry, draws on the individual, on a particular slice of life. He often writes of the people he knows well right about him. There you are. Of course, every playwright must work out his own salvation. An instructor must know his man, must encourage him in his right direction."

MR. ROBERTSON closes his interview with some interesting observations on the drama students:

"Professor Baker said his students were 'not a rich crowd, and never had been.' They came from all over the country, particularly from New England and California, they belonged to no particular class of American life, and he felt encouraged because 'of the great interest the young of the land have in the drama.' He felt confident of the future of the drama in this country. And, as to his own career, he summed it up as having been 'interesting and pleasant' and, like all others who ever have had anything to do with the theater, he, too, had become one of its slaves."

The Cover

"JUST SAY THAT AGAIN!" Is it a command or a reproof, or maybe some news of a bone?

'The Little Terrier," of Diana Thorne will easily win his way to your heart.

Diana Thorne, the painter of the cover, is called a "many-sided genius" by Albert Payson Terhune in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

She went to Germany to study art, and in an East Prussian village she was arrested as a spy in 1914. A whole year was required to convince the authorities that she and her family were innocent. And they emerged from the ordeal penniless. Making their way to England, Miss Thorne set about supporting the family:

"She became a newspaper reporter; she ran a bicycle repair shop; she scribbled movie scenarios; she wrote magazine fiction; she rebuilt and mended typewriters; she got work as a librarian and as a 'vicar-mother.' The rest of her time she had to herself; and she filled that time in by working furiously at her art."

After the war she returned to America.

If you think it's easy to paint a dog, read what Miss Thorne, quoted by Mr. Terhune, has to say:

"The only still dog is a dead dog. I have to get what I can from a sitting, and to depend largely on what I know of dog anatomy. I try to get the movement and action and peculiar character of each sitter. With these fidgety subjects I begin by sketching in the general composition. Then I sketch an eye or a paw or a nose or some other detail as I can catch it during such moments as the model happens not to be in motion.

"During the first sitting I conquer the groundwork. How to get a dog to stay quiet long enough for that needful process is often a problem. But I have learned something of what I call 'painters' shorthand'; by this I chronicle the chief facts. After that the details are a matter of catch-as-catch-can. Often I must later study an eye-expression, the poise of a forepaw, the tilt of a rebellious ear, etc., and then blend these into a whole.

"But my very first move is to make friends with the dog I am to paint or draw. Much of the work is made easier for both of us when once I have gained his liking and trust. One big German shepherd dog would not so much as come into the studio, no matter how I coaxed him to. He stood, bristling and stubborn, on the threshold. So I painted him that way; and I called the picture: 'On Guard!'"

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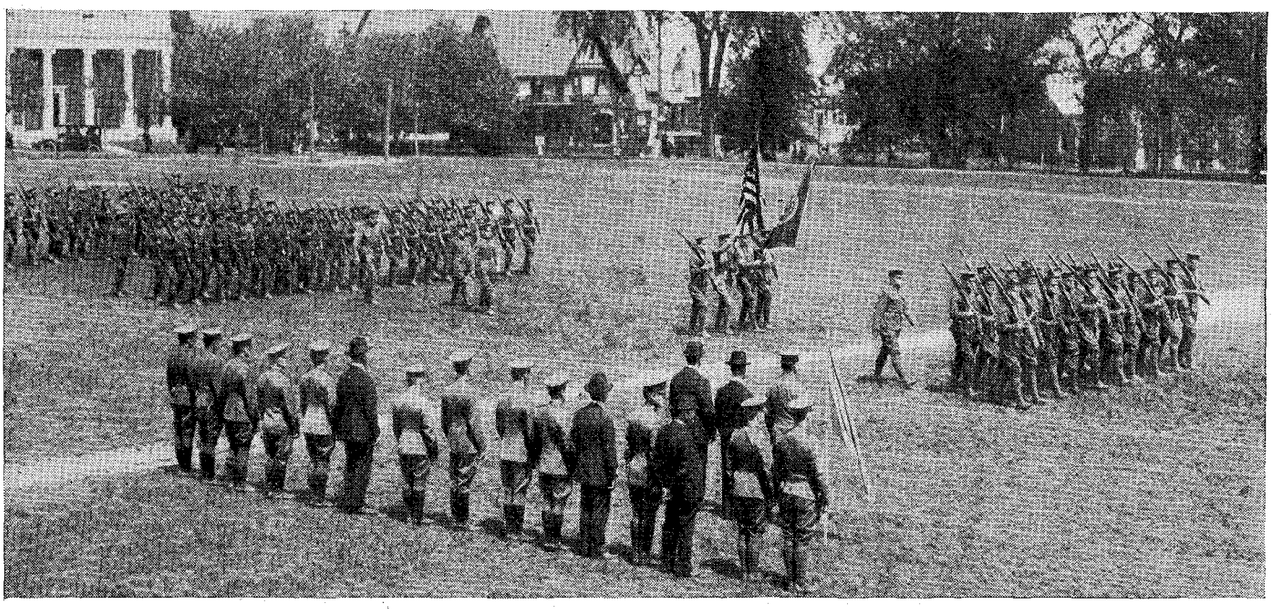

Reserve Officers in the Making

The R. O. T. C. drill, as shown here on the grounds of the New York University, is contrary to the religious convictions of two University of Maryland students, whose opposition is said to threaten the whole system.

First Blood in the Fight Against Forced War Drill

THE WHOLE SYSTEM of compulsory military training in colleges may break down if two students at the University of Maryland win their fight.

The youngsters have drawn first blood in the fact that the conscientious scruples against military training of the one whose case has already been heard have been upheld in court.

An appeal has been taken by the University, however, and the issue may not be finally decided until it is passed upon by the country's highest tribunal, where the Methodist Episcopal Church, figuratively speaking, would sit as a friend of the boy.

Meantime, intense interest in the case, in which the two students seem hardly more than pawns in a war game, has been aroused on many campuses, in circles opposed to compulsory military training, among the supporters of the R. O. T. C., and, by inference, among all who believe in military preparedness.

It is said to be the first test case of the kind in the country, and the first time that a Methodist student has stood upon the resolution passed by the Methodist General Conference at Atlantic City last May, opposing compulsory military training in educational institutions. Other denominations which have taken a similar stand will be equally interested in the outcome.

LAST fall Wayne Lees, a sophomore from Washington, a Unitarian in faith, said, we read in the Baltimore *Sun*, that military training was contrary to the dictates of his conscience, and that the "wearing of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps uniform produced a reaction like shame." Ennis H. Coale, a freshman from Belair, Maryland, a member of the Methodist Church, set forth: "The course in military training is a preparation for war, which is contrary to my religious convictions. I can not take a part in it and be true to my understanding of the teachings of Jesus." He recited, further, that his position is supported by the Methodist Episcopal Church and by the Epworth League, the young peoples' society of that church.

Both boys were suspended by Dr. Raymond A. Pearson, president of the University. They appealed to the Board of Regents, who upheld Dr. Pearson. Under the law, colleges accepting land-grant money are required to provide military training, but are not obliged to make students take the training. The rule which requires military instruction at the University of Maryland is a University rule. But, young Mr. Coale points out in the declaration of his objections to obligatory military training, the charter of the University, dated in 1818, obliges it to accept students "without requiring or enforcing any religious or civil test."

Late last month Coale's case came up before Judge Joseph N. Ulman, of the Superior Court of Baltimore.

IN rendering his decision and ordering the University to accept Coale as a student and exempt him from military training, Judge Ulman says the youth, "while perhaps fanatical," is sincere in his religious beliefs and is certainly a conscientious objector. "Certainly," too, "he is one of a small minority in the youth of America."

The decision, which may become historic, runs, in part, as follows:

"An analysis of the resolution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, adopted in 1932 . . . and a comparison of said resolution with the quotation from the Book of Discipline of the Society of Friends (supplied in the evidence) reveals no essential difference between the religious tenets of the Society of Friends and the Methodist Episcopal Church on this question.

"Both religious organizations deplore war and the preparation for war. Both support their members in refraining from such activity. Both leave to the conscience of the individual church-member the manner and degree of his personal adherence to the established tenets of the church. Neither attempts to discipline, expel, or excommunicate a member who violates the religious code of the church. . . . The court, therefore, has no difficulty in finding that, tested pragmatically, the rule of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the rule of the Society of Friends are identical. . . .

"Under the past and present rules and practises of the University of Maryland, a student who is a member of the Society of Friends, and requests to be excused from taking any and all parts of the course in military training is so excused. . . . It is deemed proper to say that the exemption granted by the University to members of the Society of Friends is not a matter of grace, but a matter of right, resting upon the fundamental law of the State and nation. . . . It is clear to the court that such

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exemption, coupled with a refusal to grant a full like exemption to Coale, constitutes an illegal discrimination against him.

"If religious conscientious objectors are excluded from their State-supported university, except upon pain of relinquishing their religious beliefs and principles, then a religious test has been imposed as a condition of their enjoyment of its educational privileges. . . . If administrative action results in the deprivation of rights guaranteed to a citizen by the Constitution and the laws of the State and of the United States, then . . . it nevertheless becomes the clear duty of a court to intervene in order to restore those rights."

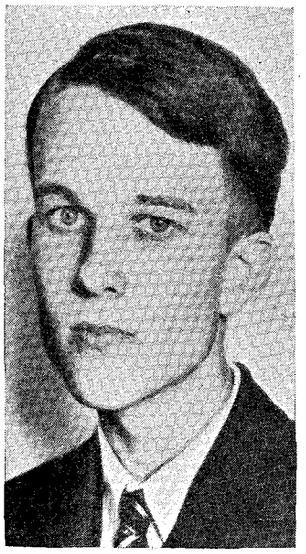
In its resolution against compulsory military training, adopted last May, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church says:

"We hold that our country is benefited by having as citizens those who unswervingly follow the dictates of their consciences. . . . Furthermore, we believe it to be the duty of the churches to give moral support to those individuals who hold conscientious scruples against participation in military training or military service.

"We petition the Government of the United States to grant to members of the Methodist Episcopal Church who may be conscientious objectors to war the same exemption from military service as has long been granted to members of the Society of Friends and other similar religious organizations.

"Similarly, we petition all educational institutions which require military training to excuse from such training any student belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church who has conscientious scruples against it. We earnestly petition the Government of the United States to cease to support financially all military training in civil educational institutions."

Keystone



No Soldiering for Them

Ennis H. Coale, left, who has temporarily won his fight against taking the R. O. T. C. course at the University of Maryland, and Wayne Lees, whose case has not yet been heard.

But the action of the two students is strongly protested by Orvel Johnson, of the R. O. T. C. Association, who, according to a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*, says that the University of Pittsburgh, the University of Cincinnati, the University of Minnesota, and the City College of New York are experiencing difficulties with student objectors to military science courses. Instead of being a spontaneous expression of personal feelings, he is quoted as saying, the stand of the boys at the University of Maryland against military science is but a part of a carefully planned campaign the country over. It is, he asserts, a Communistic propagandization of college youths.

Observing that Judge Ulman's decision, if followed by others, will have a far-reaching effect on the R. O. T. C. training at educational institutions and on the provisions for national defense, *The Army and Navy Register* declares the case "involves a principle that is vital to the very life of the nation." For—

"If misguided youths are to claim exemption from military training on account of religious beliefs, they should be confined to those sects which have through the years stedfastly held to the doctrine of non-resistance. These are well known, and do not include the great denominational churches of the country.

"If a youth may evade military service because he claims to be a conscientious objector as a member of the Methodist Church, he may claim such an exemption because he is a member of any other denomination, and we will find the slackers and evaders claiming such exemptions when their services are needed in an emergency. That can not be, and the churches would not have it so."

Under the weight of such decisions as that of Judge Ulman, writes J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the whole system of compulsory military training in land-grant colleges—sixty-nine in all—may break down. "Opposition to compulsion, some of it on religious grounds and some on others," he says, "is spreading into State after State, and unless it is checked it threatens to cut deeply into the prevailing system, and may even wreck it altogether."

Neither the Department of the Interior, which administers the land-grant appropriations, nor the War Department, says Mr. Essary, is on record as favoring compulsory military training. In fact the Department of the Interior "has stood upon the proposition that compulsory military training was not to be required by the Government."

The question of compulsion, writes Mr. Essary, "has been forced by the colleges themselves, with the aid and encouragement of the professional military men attached to their faculties. And that is the question which has come to an issue not only in Maryland, but in Wisconsin and a number of other States." Mr. Essary quotes from a ruling of the Department of the Interior, issued in February, 1913, that "it does not appear from the Federal legislation that instruction in military tactics is any more obligatory on the individual student than is instruction in agriculture or mechanical arts."

Political Protestantism Waning

"BACK TO YOUR PULPITS!" politicians thunder as preachers seek to sit down at Cæsar's table.

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

"But the Church can't let Cæsar dictate what things are ours," reply the churchmen, in effect. "A bad law is as immoral as a bad habit. And does Cæsar know more about the needs of man than we?"

And the ancient dispute goes on.

Now, however, it is said that the political influence of Protestantism in America is waning. The failure of the dry forces to repel the wets is cited as proof of the assertion.

In 1928, as contrasted with what happened last year, "Protestant Church forces were instrumental in winning all but eight States for the Presidential candidate who declared for the maintenance of national Prohibition," writes Dr. F. Ernest Johnson in the Yearbook of American Churches (Round Table Press).

"The conclusion can not be avoided, therefore," says Dr. Johnson, "that the overwhelming victory of the 'wetter' of the two parties and candidates marked a change in the fortunes of organized (Protestant) religion as a force in political life." As the executive secretary of the Department of Research Education of the Federal Council of Churches sees it, then:

"As a political force Protestantism has become less resolute, less sure, and, hence, less active. This would perhaps go without saying, since the churches represent, after all, substantially a cross-section of the community.

"But the fact that official church bodies for the most part

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maintained their stand in support of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that the electorate did not heed the call to defend it, indicates a slackening, for the present at least, of the political influence of official Protestantism."

This generalization, says Dr. Johnson, is quite independent of whether the 1932 election was a referendum on Prohibition. It may be contended that no election is ever a referendum on any one issue.

"The point is," he continues, "that while the influence of a politically conscious Protestantism was able in 1928 to break down political boundaries of long standing in the interest of definite political ends, in 1932 their effort to secure platforms and to influence the election in line with these same ends was relatively unsuccessful."

Yet, it is maintained, the corporate rights of the Church must be protected by law, and measures of social reform must be buttressed by legislation. And to mention one, a burning question in dispute between Church and State is that involving freedom of conscience. A committee of the Federal Council of Churches is now studying the controversy that is as old as the Church itself.

Acme

Beware of Sweat-shop Bargains

Says Miss Frances Perkins, Industrial Commissioner for New York State, who finds women working for ten cents a day to make them.

The Cost of a $4.95 "Bargain"

"SPECIAL $4.95."

Ray, Mamie, Tilda, and a dozen others press avidly against the shop window to look at the gorgeous red silk dress—a bargain for only $4.95.

Tilda buys and wears it, but her sisters under the skin, working in a sweat-shop, have paid for it by attempting to live on starvation wages. Some of them have worked from nine to ten hours a day, and received as low as ninety-five cents for five and a half days' work to make that red silk bargain and hundreds of others like it. For that $4.95 represents the cost of the material, overhead charges, the profit of manufacturer and shopkeeper—and wages.

The manufacturer who pays a living wage for a reasonable week's work under decent conditions can not turn out attractive silk frocks to retail at $5 or less, says Frances Perkins in *The Survey Graphic*.

The real cost of the bargain dress in the window is borne, she writes, by the workers in the sweat-shops springing up in hard-prest communities. "Under to-day's desperate need for work and wages, girls and women are found toiling overtime at power-machines and work-tables, some of them for pay-checks that represent a wage of less than ten cents a day."

Having moved up from one protective labor position after another, until she was made Industrial Commissioner for New York State, Miss Perkins is an authority on industrial conditions and labor problems. At this writing she is mentioned as a probable nominee for Secretary of Labor in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. She would be the first woman member of a President's official family.

Here is some first-hand information that came to her from a girl who was afraid to sign her name:

"I am working in — at —. We have to be in at 7 A. M. work to 12 then 1 to 5 o'clock. . . . They also refuse to tell you the prices. When you receive your slip you are marked $2.75 for five days and a half. Some received $1.78 some $0.95. You never see your working slip. . . . I have read a piece in the —— *Advertiser*. To write you in person. I hope you be able to help the working girls of this place."

For her fifty-hour week this girl, says Miss Perkins, was paid at the rate of about five and a half cents an hour. Her fellow worker, whose pay envelop contained $1.78, worked for a trifle over three and a half cents an hour.

Other such first-hand testimony is in the hands of Miss Perkins, for the conditions are not isolated. Many are the women who earn their bitter bread in tears and silence.

Forty years ago, Miss Perkins reminds us, Lillian D. Wald and her associates at the Henry Street Settlement, the Hull House group in Chicago, the organizers of the National Consumers' League and of the Women's Trade Union League aroused the public conscience against heartless exploitation. Legal protection was given to factory workers, and the laws were provided with teeth that would bite. This good work has not been destroyed, says Miss Perkins. What has happened is a breach in the wall where it has always been weak.

"For the informed and conscientious employer has always had to compete with the shortsighted manufacturer who tries to evade the labor law, cuts wages, resorts to contract labor and homework, thinks only of quick profits, never of the long-range welfare of the industry.

"The great body of American employers want to maintain industrial standards and their faith in the principle is reenforced by experience which has proved to them that, in the long run, the level of efficiency 'good business' demands can not be sustained by employees whose well-being is undermined by long hours and inadequate wages. It is because of this attitude on the part of employers that wage levels were maintained during 1930 and 1931. . . .

"But the employer who, in order to pay fair wages for reasonable hours of work, produces dresses in his shop to retail at $9.50, finds himself in competition with the less conscientious manufacturer whose 'sweated' garments are offered at $4.95."

"It is enough to drive girls insane," one girl wrote. "Can not get the necessities of life when board is taken out and, worse still, when a holiday comes along."

And more of the same tragic story behind bargains in the window.

What is the way out for the conscientious consumer who does not want to buy garments, even at a bargain, made by exploited labor? It is perhaps asking too much of the consumer to hope that he, or she, will refuse to purchase "specially priced" clothing as a protest against sweat-shop products, says Miss Perkins:

"A more dependable protection for the worker is, of course, an adequate labor law, vigorously enforced. There is urgent need for governmental economy in the year we face.

"But no State can afford at this time to relax enforcement of its labor law. This means an increased rather than a diminished force of competent inspectors, adequate supervision, facilities for special investigations, and reports where need for them is indicated, adequate clerical and statistical assistance to keep the work of the bureau on a high level of effectiveness.

"For in the wake of the sweat-shop comes an inevitable train of child dependency and delinquency, illness, and old age for which, on debased wages, no provision can be made."

Representatives of more than fifty organizations met in New York early in January, *The Survey Graphic* tells us, and voted to set up a State industrial standards committee. The first work of the committee will be to draft bills providing a forty-four-hour week and a minimum wage for women and child workers, to be introduced in the Legislature. The minimum-wage movement is now under way in twelve States, including Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE HOW LITTLE IT COSTS TO Telephone BETWEEN CITIES . . .
The rates quoted are for daytime station-to-station calls. Between 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. daytime station-to-station rates over 35 cents are reduced by 10 to 20 per cent. Between 8:30 P.M. and 4:30 A.M. the rates are about 40 per cent less than for daytime calls.
CHICAGO to MILWAUKEE $.50
PROVIDENCE to OMAHA $4.50
DENVER to SAN FRANCISCO $3.75
DETROIT to CLEVELAND $.60
ATLANTA to NEW ORLEANS $1.95
BUFFALO to NEWARK $1.30
PHILADELPHIA to LOS ANGELES $8.50
SEATTLE to LOUISVILLE $7.00

There are two classes of Long Distance calls: *station-to-station* and *person-to-person*. Station-to-station calls are cheaper, and very satisfactory when the caller will talk with any one who answers the called telephone. When the caller asks the operator for a specific individual, the person-to-person rate applies. Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: $.50 to $.99, tax 10 cents; $1 to $1.99, tax 15 cents; $2 or more, tax 20 cents.

JUST GLANCE at typical examples above, and see how little it costs to telephone hundreds or even thousands of miles. You will find the rates to places where you have relatives, friends or business associates in your own telephone directory. Or simply ask Long Distance.

Low cost is only one of the reasons so many business men use Long Distance. Speed is another; the average time required for completing a Long Distance connection today is less than two minutes. And the calls are very clear. Business of all kinds can be transacted quickly, efficiently and economically.

Long Distance likewise plays an important part in the home . . . in keeping friendships alive, exchanging birthday and anniversary greetings, extending invitations.

Many people, for both business and personal calls, take advantage of the lower rates in effect during the evening and night periods. Isn't there some one you would like to telephone, now? Try it; see how little it costs in money . . . how much it returns in satisfaction.

LONG DISTANCE MAKES A NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE NATION

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★ THE NEW (

Creating the New Mode for 19

Smart design has become a motor car essential. You can
should demand it *along with every other desirable quality.*
the combination need not be expensive. . . . Oldsmobile c
you two extremely smart, completely modern cars—*a*
lowest Oldsmobile prices in ten years. . . . Tastefully and c
fully, these new style leaders express the best ideas in mo
motor car design. . . . Flashing speed has been a proud
mobile tradition—yet the new cars are even faster.

TWO GENERAL MOTORS VALUES, BOTH AVAILABLE ON G. M. A. C. TERMS

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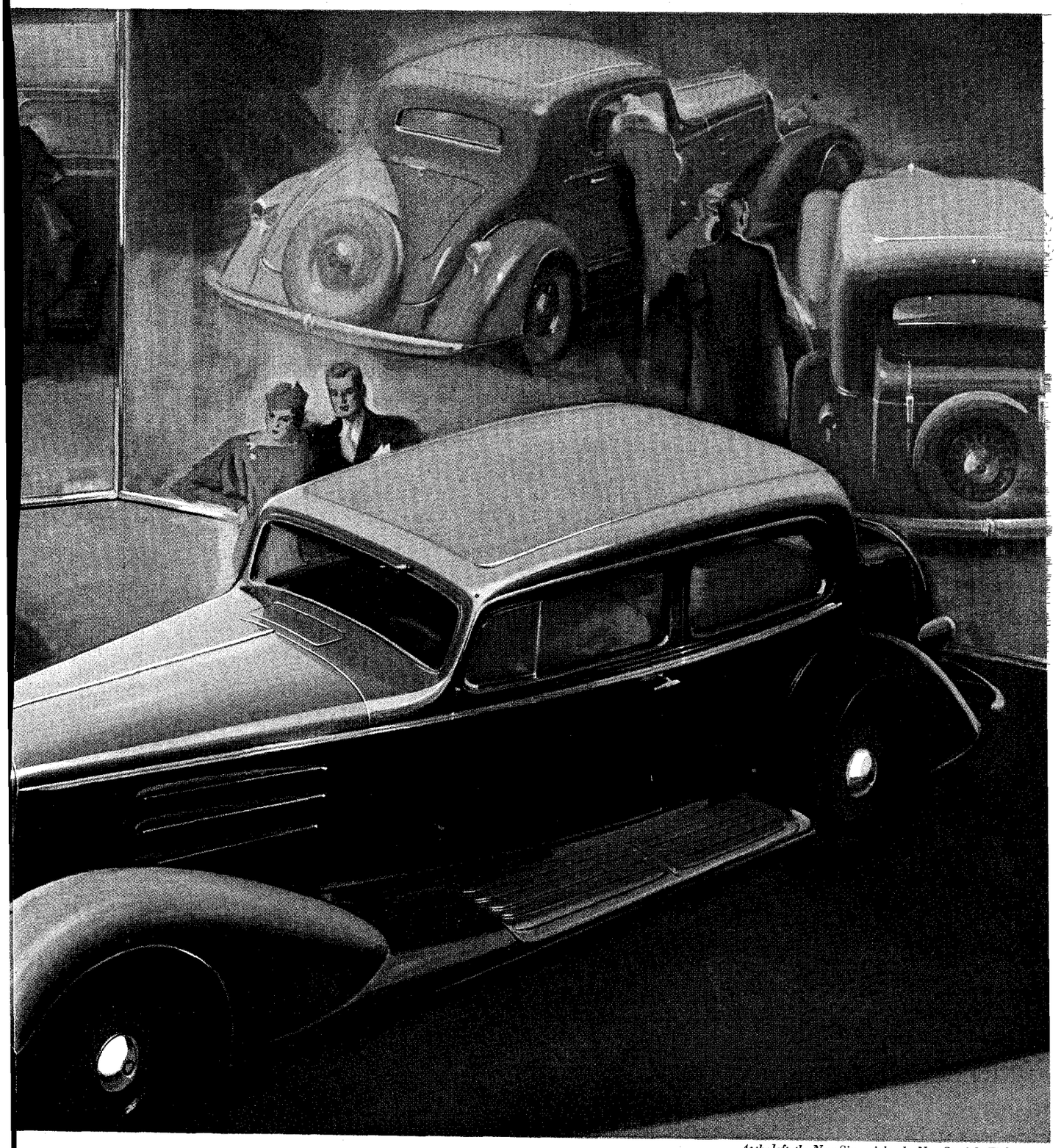
D S M O B I L E S ★



At the left, the New Six—right, the New Straight Eight.

. BRILLIANT NEW STYLING AND PERFORMANCE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

thness takes on a new meaning—for the engines are scien- lly cushioned in rubber mountings of entirely new design. or *comfort*, Oldsmobile has captured that desirable quality . . . . There's comfort plus safety in the sturdy new double- X-type frame which greatly increases driving stability—and 's another kind of comfort in the new Fisher No Draft Venti- which Oldsmobile offers in all closed models. . . . Increased size has given both the 1933 Oldsmobiles greater roominess. Mechanical advancements have taken practically all effort out of steering and braking. . . . Don't compromise, this year. Don't buy a car for any one "feature." Insist on Style, Performance, Durability and Price. Oldsmobile offers that completeness—that real value—in its 1933 Six and Straight Eight. . . . For your convenience, the address of the nearest dealer is listed under "Oldsmobile" in the classified section of your telephone directory.

THE NEW SIX $745 *and up* **THE NEW EIGHT $845** *and up* F. O. B. LANSING

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BE "Mouth-Happy"

SOFT STRAINS of a lazy Viennese waltz float in through the open door. Somehow you know that the next few minutes will live long in your memory. Spud is equal to the occasion. Full tobacco flavor. Cool and clean-tasting.

SMOKE SPUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (25c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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Mental Ills of the Depression

THE RELIEF WORKER'S FIRST BUSINESS to-day is to help the mentally-distrest unemployed to preserve their sense of security, menaced as it is on all sides by prevailing economic conditions.

Dr. George K. Pratt emphasizes this in a report on "Morale: The Mental Hygiene of Unemployment," issued by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

The purpose of this body is stated to be "to help social workers, unemployment-relief investigators, and others to understand a little better what goes on in the minds of men and women who lose their jobs." We read in a bulletin issued by the committee (New York):

"A very large proportion of the unhealthy mental reactions produced by the depression, Dr. Pratt explains, have their roots in various kinds of insecurity. Physical or economic insecurity every one can understand. Threats to life itself, to bodily comfort, to long-established physical habits cause fear, and fear in turn produces worry, anxiety, or depression. No less acutely, however, does emotional insecurity cause fear and its resulting chain of symptoms. Thus, threats to our pride, our sense of power, our success in achievement, our affectional relationships, all of which come from economic frustration and its resulting insecurity, may also cause any variety or degree of mental disorder.

"Unhealthy attitudes, Dr. Pratt says, frequently pass unrecognized as types of mental ill-health, and yet are so common that social workers are daily forced to contend with them. They include varying degrees of chronic irritability, sensitiveness to fancied slights, discrimination, or criticism; bitterness, sullenness, and a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. Mental depressions, ranging from just ordinary spells of the 'blues' to real melancholia, are frequent, while apathy, indifference, resignation, or hopelessness also are typical reactions in some personalities.

"One of the most difficult mental-hygiene problems precipitated by the depression, the report states, is that represented by the maladjustment of those who in the post-war years of prosperity became known as the 'new rich.' These people, many of whom were emotionally immature, with a meager capacity for developing cultural resources within themselves, usually purchased their satisfactions, attaining a fair degree of adjustment on this material and frequently childish level. When the economic crash made it difficult to buy these satisfactions, they had little to fall back on, psychologically speaking, and they are now suffering from a poverty of emotional as well as economic resources."

Underwood Studios

Let Them Talk It Out

That will help the victims of the slump to bear their troubles, Says Dr. George K. Pratt

ANOTHER phenomenon of the depression that threatens mental health, according to the report, is the frantic pursuit by many of the maladjusted of social, religious, or political philosophies that promise relief or escape. Independent thinking has become painful, and in disappointment, bewilderment, and resentment, they flock to cults that promise to lead them out of the psychological desert. Thus there is, says the doctor, a growing increase in credulity and superstition, and a mounting tendency to patronize fortune-tellers and other advocates of the mystical who will tell one exactly what to do in a given situation. To quote further:

"Among the suggestions advanced to the relief worker for the management of mental-health problems arising out of the depression is the following: When you believe there may be a morale problem involved as well as an acute relief problem, give the unemployed man or woman a chance to talk it out. This serves to drain off pent-up emotional tension, and gives a feeling of relief and relaxation. A social worker or relief investigator should deliberately cultivate the habit of being a good listener.

"Dr. Pratt would have the community also extend wide tolerance to citizens gathered together in groups for the purpose of free speech and public discussion. Repressive attitudes are psychologically dangerous to the morale of the community as a whole.

"Work for its own sake is also recommended as a life-saver to flagging morale and to the preservation of self-respect and mental health. Work for health's sake is not just a sop to the distracted man who can not find a paying job. It is a vital need which helps him to maintain a feeling of worthwhileness, self-respect, and accomplishment, as well as to keep him in the path toward a wholesome integration of his personality, without which mental health can not exist. Almost any work will do, as long as it presents a reasonably definite task. It may be sawing wood, spading a garden, or painting a house. Such occupation will help to preserve orderly habits of association and thinking, will require active attention, and tend to shut out unpleasant and unhealthy introspection.

"The development of recreational facilities as a further means for conserving individual and collective mental health is strongly advocated in the report which describes instances of effective work now being done along these lines by scores of communities alive to the importance of leisure-time activities as a morale measure.

"The search for resources to bolster up morale and safeguard mental health does not necessarily nor always lead to the mental hygiene clinic or to the consulting-room of the psychiatrist, indispensable as these facilities are in many instances. To-day this search is likely to lead to the utilization of other resources which, until very recently, have seldom been thought of as having anything to do with mental hygiene.

"Mental hygiene in its attempt to develop and preserve mental health becomes the responsibility of the whole community, the report concludes. It is something that can not be isolated and apart. It is not special, separate, or unrelated to the rest of the community's daily life. It impinges on every one of our public undertakings. Its recognition moves all of our problems of unemployment back to the neighborhood of their source."

Why Stuffy Rooms Are Stuffy

SIR LEONARD HILL, English physiologist and writer on public-health subjects, finds that the so-called "infra-red" rays given off by dark or dull-red sources of heat cause the nostrils to contract and thus interfere with breathing.

He believes that this is the chief reason for the stuffiness that we experience in an overheated room. Says a report of Science Service (Washington):

"In a lecture at the recent Public Health Congress in London, he showed that this effect is not due to a direct action of the heat upon the nostrils, but that it is a reflex effect from the sensory nerves of the skin. He describes the particular heat-rays that give this effect as 'nose-shutters.' Their action is especially marked in persons whose breathing is already partially obstructed —those with a deflected septum of the nose, for example, or a person suffering from catarrh, asthma, or hay-fever.

"The effect can be neutralized by fanning the skin of the face with an electric fan, or by the action of certain other rays, which he speaks of as 'nose-openers,' that are given off especially by luminous sources of heat. They may also be absorbed by water vapor, and he suggests that this is the explanation of the efficacy of a bowl of water placed in front of a heater in relieving the stuffiness of a room.

"From experiments made at Bedford College, London, he found that 60 per cent. of the persons examined experience difficulty in breathing when exposed to heaters that give off these nose-shutting rays, and that in over 25 per cent. of the cases the obstruction to breathing was so marked that it could be demonstrated in records of the respiration made upon a suitable apparatus."

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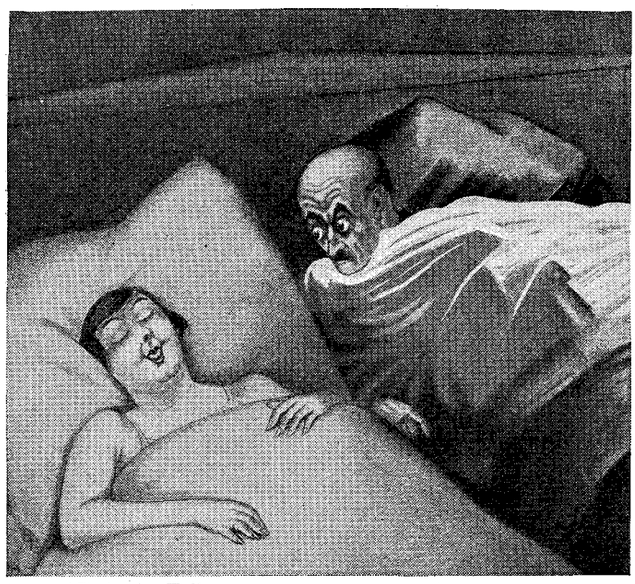
Getting Hot and Keeping Cool

THESE THINGS DO NOT DEPEND altogether on the temperature.

Everybody has wondered why houses have to be warmer in winter than in summer in order to seem equally comfortable.

A temperature of 70 degrees is perfectly pleasant on a summer day, yet 70 degrees in the same room and the same spot on a zero day is not comfortable. Says a writer in *The American Weekly* (New York):

"Related to this puzzle, and another fruitful source of domestic dissension, is the matter of the temperature of the bedroom during sleeping hours. If a man and wife occupy the same room, one of them may pile blanket after blanket on his bed if the temperature is around 40, and still be cold; while the other may sleep peacefully and comfortably with a third of the covering.



Courtesy of *The American Weekly*

Domestic Dissension Now Explained

Why one partner is shivering and sleepless under heavy blankets while the other slumbers sweetly under thin covers is all made clear. The picture is by Charles Girod, a German artist.

"Why rooms may seem either too warm or too cold at exactly the same temperature, and why one person will be comfortable at that temperature and another one miserably cold, is explained by a new scientific instrument developed in England. It is called the 'eupatheoscope,' which is a Greek word meaning 'good-feeling indicator.' Instead of measuring the mere temperature of a room, which is all that a thermometer does, it measures the rate at which heat is being lost from the body of a person in the room.

"At first sight the eupatheoscope looks more like an overgrown waste-basket than a scientific instrument. It is a hollow copper cylinder about two feet tall and a little less than a foot in diameter. Its outside is painted black, and it usually is set up on a small wooden stand or table so that it stands at about the same height above the floor as a seated human being. Inside the copper cylinder is an ordinary electric lamp, which keeps the cylinder a little warmer than the room, so that heat is escaping continually. The quantity of escaping heat is measured by an electric apparatus.

"This rate at which heat is lost from anything depends on several other things besides the temperature. One thing is drafts. Suppose that there is continual circulation of the air in the room. More heat will be lost by the same human being, for the movement of the air brings more of this air in contact with the body each minute, and more heat is carried away by it. An ordinary thermometer never records this, but only the temperature, which is but part of the story."

In summer, we are reminded, this matter of air movement is important in cooling an overheated body; that is why an electric fan makes a room seem cooler, even tho the actual temperature does not change at all. In winter, drafts blowing under doors or through cracks keep the room air moving rapidly. This means greater chilling. Therefore, a higher temperature than 70 degrees is needed. We read further:

"Another matter which thermometers do not recognize or record is moisture. Damp air has a very different cooling power than dry air.

"All these things the eupatheoscope takes into account, for it measures the same thing that the average body experiences; that is, the heat lost minute by minute.

"What it can not measure, however, is the rate at which individual human bodies lose heat, and how much heat each one is able to generate. These two things vary to a certain extent in every one. It is like two boilers in one of which combustion is rapid and in the other slow. One sleeper generates sufficient heat to replace that lost, and so needs fewer covers; another needs insulation against the outside temperature, which is taking from him more heat than he can manufacture.

"That even outdoor comfort may have unsuspected effects on human behavior is indicated by a scientific study made by Mr. Edwin G. Dexter. In an investigation reported a few months ago, Mr. Dexter tabulated a total of nearly forty thousand arrests made by the police in New York City for brawling and fighting in the streets over a period of six years. Next he collected from the weather records the average temperatures during those six years.

"Hot days were found, as was expected, to be exceptionally well supplied with fights; but not if the days were too hot. Above 86 degrees, fights were scarcer than the average, altho on days between 81 and 85 degrees, they were much more plentiful. There can be kinds of weather which are literally too hot for a fight, just as there is weather which is too cold."

Health Hints of a Chinese Sage

WHEN YOU ARE UNDREST and about to get into bed, take your foot and rub the sole of it energetically and as long as you can.

Do not stop until your foot feels quite warm; then move each toe separately.

These hints were laid down ages ago by a Chinese sage whose name has not reached us, notes Dr. Ghislain-Houzel, Jr., in *L'Ami du Peuple* (Paris).

Nevertheless, adds the French physician, we should not deem these health hints superannuated. They are sound to-day. So, too, thinks the Paris doctor, are these further suggestions by the Chinese sage:

"Breakfast early in the morning.

"Take in the air of heaven through the nose.

"Never leave the house until you have broken your fast.

"This precaution is all the more important in times of epidemic or when one must enter a house in which there are sick people.

"Take a good meal in the middle of the day. Eat the simplest viands; they are more nourishing.

"Beware of delicate dishes invented only to tickle the appetite.

"Eat slowly; chew well; such mastication breaks the food into bits, charges it well with saliva, and prepares it for the stomach.

"Don't satisfy your appetite to such an extent that when you get up from the table you are surfeited; abundance of food torments the stomach and impedes digestion.

"Sup early and frugally.

"Better increase the number of your meals than increase the quantity of food you take at each one.

"As soon as you awake in the morning, rub the chest in the region of the heart. Otherwise, by getting out of a warm bed the cool air will take your system by surprize, suddenly closing the pores and causing various troubles. But if you beat your breast slightly with the palm of the hand, you will put your blood in movement at its source and guard against unexpected trials to your system.

"Avoid swift transitions from heat to cold.

"In bed lie on your right side or on your left, bend your knees and go to sleep in this position.

"Every time you wake up stretch yourself in bed; this will impart freedom to the operations of the heart.

"The heart is to a man what roots are to a tree.

"If you decline from your original state of prosperity, say to yourself that what you have left will suffice for you. 'They may take my prosperity from me,' say to yourself, 'but they can not rob me of my heart's repose.'"

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SOUNDS UNBELIEVABLE—BUT IT'S TRUE

there is a big straight 8 in the low price field

The 4-door Sedan, $695, f. o. b. Pontiac. Special equipment extra. Easy G. M. A. C. terms.

IT IS true that only a big car can give you big car performance and comfort—you know it, everybody knows it.

The difficulty has been to get these comfort and luxury features not only at a low price but at low operating costs.

This Pontiac Economy Straight 8 is a different kind of car—a new kind of car in the low price field. It's a real automobile—a *big* car. Yet it doesn't ask you to sacrifice economy. Rather, it gives you all the big car comfort you've wanted for years, with the average operating economy you are getting now.

You've wanted just such a car for years—everybody has—and now it's here—offered you by General Motors. You can be sure of it.

There's nothing tricky about this new Pontiac. It's just the same sure, safe, fast Straight 8 type of engine design that has won every race at Indianapolis for the past 10 years. Due to fine engineering and splendid manufacturing facilities, it has been possible to so build this big Pontiac Economy Straight 8 that it actually and legitimately takes its place not only as a car of low price but as a car of low operating costs as well.

Beauty? *Look* at it.

Performance? Take it out on the road and try a brush with *any* car—not only those in Pontiac's price class.

Comfort? It's got the size and weight you have to have for comfort, and it's got beautiful new Fisher bodies with *Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (individually-controlled)*—the greatest safety, comfort and health feature since the closed body was first developed.

This year, get the kind of car you've always wanted—a Pontiac—the Economy Straight 8.

LOOK · · · DRIVE · · · COMPARE

Check These Features	Pontiac Economy Straight 8	OTHER CARS		
		CAR No. 1	CAR No. 2	CAR No. 3
Straight Eight Engine	Yes			
Fisher No-Draft Ventilation (Individually-Controlled)	Yes			
Wheelbase	115 *inches*			
Curb Weight (4-door Sedan)	3265 *pounds*			
Horsepower	77			
Speed	78			
Full-Pressure Lubrication (Rifle-drilled connecting rods)	Yes			
Delivered Price (Your favorite model)				

**Curb weight of the 4-door Sedan*

Tune in on the Pontiac Radio Program featuring Col. Stoopnagle and Budd, Jeanie Lang, William O'Neal, Andre Kostelanetz' 25-piece orchestra and a mixed chorus. Columbia Network every Thursday evening, 9:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time.

PONTIAC *the economy* STRAIGHT **8**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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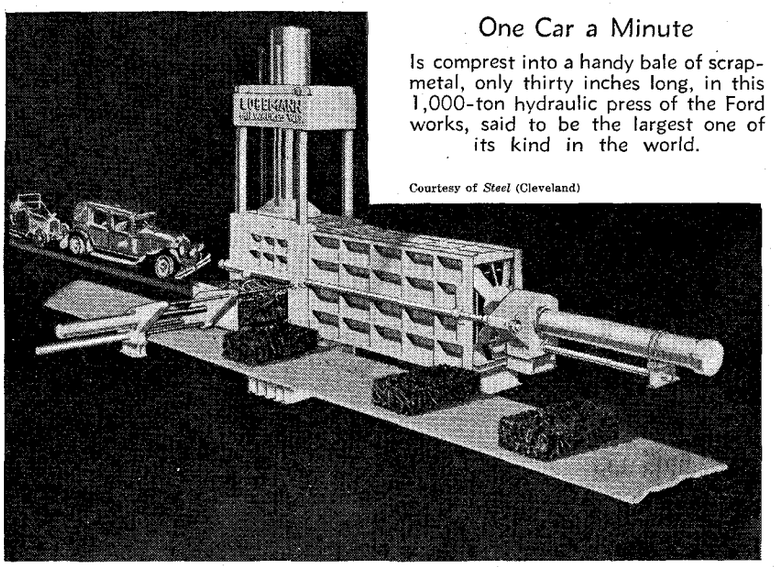
Baling Old Autos

THE REMARKABLE GROWTH of the automobile industry has sharpened the problem of how to dispose of worn-out and junked cars.

Some are disassembled for usable parts and remelting scrap; some are sunk behind breakwaters to serve as ballast; but the majority are abandoned to rust away.

Every automobile has some value as scrap-metal. Three years ago the Ford Motor Company conceived the idea of dismantling cars in a large-scale way and remelting the steel scrap in open-hearth furnaces. Satisfied with its first efforts, the company increased its operations about a year ago by the installation of a 1,000-ton hydraulic press for reducing the cars to bales, and a 400-ton furnace to remelt these large bales. Says a writer in *Steel* (Cleveland):

"The press, said to be the world's largest baling press, was designed and built by Logemann Brothers Company, Milwaukee, and has sufficient size and power to hold a complete automobile or truck, and to reduce it to a comprest bundle of open-hearth charging size.



One Car a Minute

Is comprest into a handy bale of scrap-metal, only thirty inches long, in this 1,000-ton hydraulic press of the Ford works, said to be the largest one of its kind in the world.

Courtesy of *Steel* (Cleveland)

"The derelict automobiles or trucks, stript of engines and many parts of salvable value, roll one at a time down an incline from the disassembly line into the maw or forward end of the press. An 8-ton hydraulically operated steel gate is dropt down to close the opening behind the car, and with the charging chamber sealed, the compression cycle is commenced.

"First, a low-pressure horizontal traveling ram, capable of exerting 360 tons' pressure, advances against the front of the car and crushes it from a 17-foot length to 30 inches. The 697 cubic foot capacity of the charging chamber is reduced to 102 cubic feet when the horizontal ram reaches its maximum stroke.

"As the horizontal ram holds the partially comprest car firmly forward, a vertical ram, weighing 17 tons and operating at right-angles, descends from above to effect the final compression. Backed by a 1,500-ton pressure, this down-stroke ram crushes the car to an average height of from 10 to 30 inches. Heavy trucks are comprest into a 30-inch high bale.

"Upon release of the pressure, the high and low-pressure rams recede, the gate raises, and an ejector ram moves forward from the left side of the compression chamber. At the same time a bucker-up ram recedes to the right; thus between the two rams the densely compacted bale of steel scrap is discharged onto a conveyor and then taken to the open-hearth furnace.

"The powerful rams and their tremendous pressure operate from large double-pressure cylinder pumps. Operated in this instance by 300-horse-power motors, this type of pump permits high-speed action at the beginning of operations when required pressures are low. When a predetermined pressure or resistance point is reached, the low-pressure, fast-moving cylinder automatically cuts out, and its high-pressure, slower, but far stronger mate in the second cylinder completes the operation.

"All press operations are handled by remote control. One man directs every move by simply turning a handwheel to which all functions respond mechanically."

Sleep Without Drugs

IT IS THE BEST KIND, OF COURSE.

But many who could get it fail because they do not know how, and resort to drugs unnecessarily.

An editorial writer in *The Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association* (Fort Wayne), gives some pertinent advice, which he says physicians ought always to furnish to their patients, but often neglect to do. He writes:

"It is doubtful if there is any resource at the disposal of the physician so useful as a therapeutic agent as is natural sleep.

"The physiology of sleep is imperfectly understood, and a great number of physicians are not even attempting to attain sleep by the use of physiology, depending instead upon the use of drugs. It is doubtful if any drug can exactly reproduce the restful sleep that comes when sleep is really spontaneous. It is possible that there are other factors which influence the ability of a given individual to sleep, but certainly the following is of the greatest practical value.

"1. The Vasomotor System. During sleep the distribution of the blood is mainly to the skin, the muscles in case of fatigue, and to the digestive organs if digestion is going on. There is a condition of relative anemia in the brain, or rather the rate of flow of the blood is slower than usual. Chilling of the skin or feet makes sleep impossible. The value of the hot bath or hot foot bath is too well known to need more than mention. Persons who sleep with difficulty must be sure that they have enough cover. A warm bed with the head out in the cool or even cold air is a position which makes sleep almost irresistible.

"2. The Digestive System. All of us are drowsy after a heavy meal. The hungry man who understands his physiology seeks the cupboard or ice-box when he awakes at night. There is a current belief that it is not well to eat and immediately go to bed. The fault is not in the eating, but in the choice of food. One of the best methods of inducing natural sleep is to make sure that the stomach has something to do and so requisitions a generous supply of blood which might otherwise have gone to the brain and induced wakefulness. A glass of milk and a few crackers, a warm custard or potato purée, or a piece of milk-toast will serve the purpose.

"3. The Nervous System. The individual with a restless, 'nervous' disposition naturally will have more difficulty in sleeping than the quiet type. Deliberate inhibition of the impulse to flounce about and pull one's hair will often accomplish much. While something like eight hours of sleep per day is needed by most people, this does not mean that one will suffer severely if on a particular night much less than eight hours is obtained. The individual who tosses and worries because he can not sleep is making a big mistake. It really doesn't matter, and he may as well relax."

UNDOUBTEDLY habit has very much to do with the ability of an individual to sleep, we are told. Habits of going to bed too early, or of eating irregularly and wrongly will complicate matters. He who is in the habit of waking at a certain hour and of thinking that he can not go to sleep probably will continue the habit. Not infrequently an entire change of scenery and of routine will aid in correcting the condition. To quote further:

"4. Psychological Attitude. A distinguished physiologist has told us that he rarely or never sleeps more than two hours in a given night. He, however, rests quietly in bed for five or six other hours. He says that he does not mind the hours of the night because he quietly and leisurely thinks about pleasant things that have occurred and are happening at the present time. He does not permit himself to brood over misfortunes or unpleasant situations. The lure of an attractive 'nestling thought' may enable one to pass hours almost as if they were minutes. The patient is not really asleep, but for all intents and purposes he is so. Probably his mind is no more or possibly even less active than in the case when he is dreaming a pleasant dream.

"Sleep is one of the very most important physiological states, and is always best when it is attained without the use of drugs. In case it will not come without drugs, they should be used, of course. Frequently, however, no attempt is made to instruct the patient sleeping without such aids."

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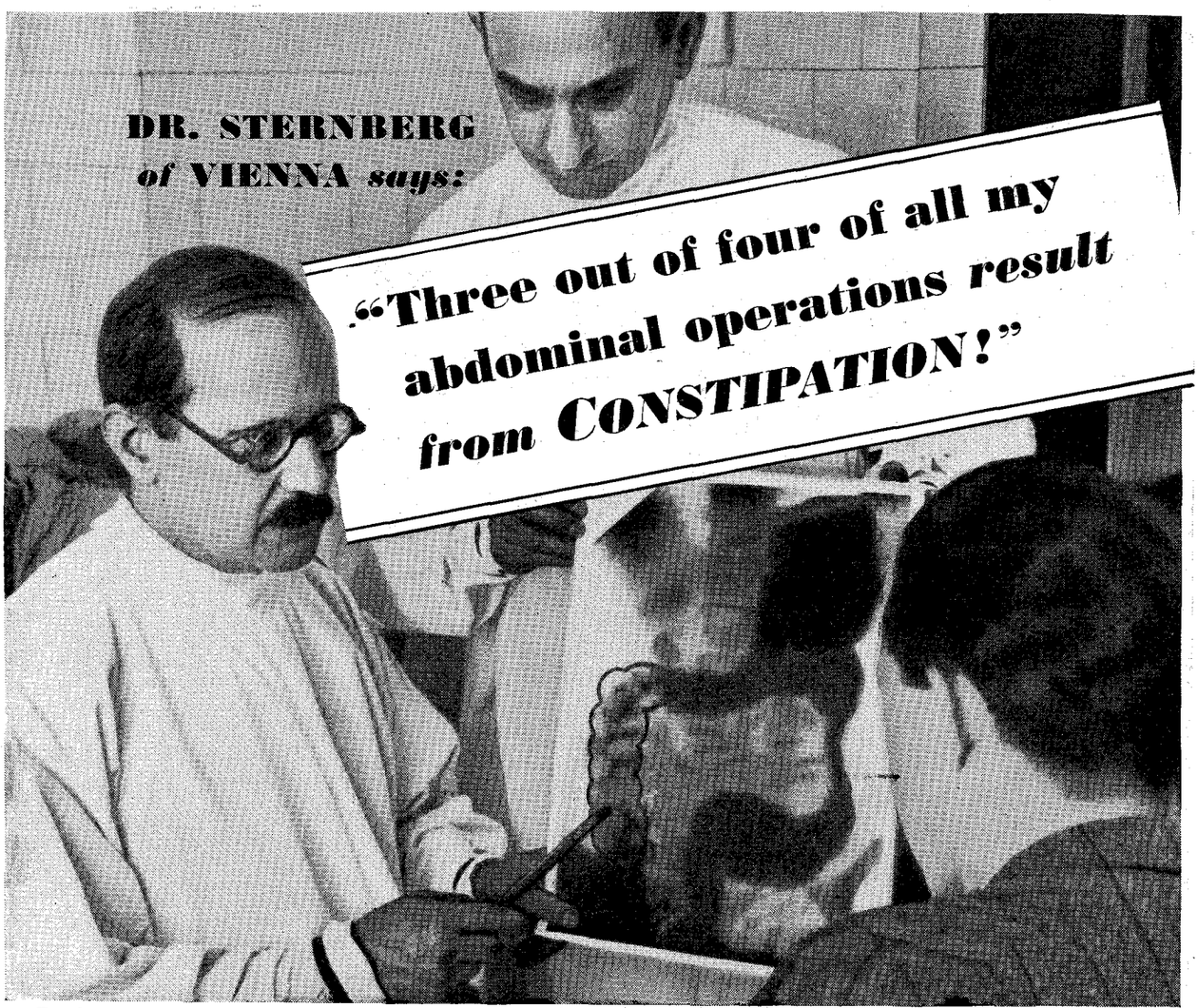

DR. STERNBERG (*pointing to X-ray*), *says, "Poisons caused by constipation cause grave disturbances." He strongly advises eating yeast.**

THE following statement is by Dr. Julius Sternberg, head of the 1st Surgical Clinic of the well-known Mariahilfer Hospital in Vienna, Austria. Dr. Sternberg says:—

"After many years' experience . . . I can state with certainty that three-fourths of all the abdominal operation cases that come before me are a direct or indirect consequence of constipation. Constipation may cause . . . colitis, hemorrhoids, appendicitis, even peritonitis."

Can constipation be cured, without drugs? Dr. Sternberg explains:—

"Cathartics and laxative drugs weaken and irritate the intestines . . . What is needed is a method which will soften the contents of the intestines and stimulate normal action. *Such a natural method is the eating of fresh yeast.*"

If you tire quickly—if your complexion is bad—if you have frequent indigestion—you are very likely suffering from a stagnant condition of your intestines.

And in all probability all that's needed to banish this condition is to eat fresh yeast! If you will add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet and eat it regularly, you can prove this to your satisfaction.

So try it now. And as yeast acts to cleanse your system of harmful poisons, notice how your strength picks up . . . how much better your meals digest . . . how much less often you are troubled with headaches, bad skin, bad breath, colds.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G and D—at grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). Start eating it today.

DR. G. FAROY, of Paris, author of the well-known "Digestive Therapeutics" (1928), states: "I advise patients to avoid cathartics . . . I know no safer means of correcting constipation than eating fresh yeast."

"My own doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast!"

"I am a teacher," *writes* Mrs. Irene Clarence *of New York*, "and I was very discouraged because for years I had been suffering from constipation and stomach trouble and had tried all sorts of pills and medicines, laxatives and cathartics without avail. A doctor friend of mine recommended Fleischmann's Yeast and I ate it regularly. Results were astonishingly good. My elimination became regular and I could again eat anything without ensuing distress."

* *Important!*

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. YM-4, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

When Hitler Hit the Ceiling

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! And again, Bang! and Bang!

The enormous Munich beer cellar, crowded with troubled Bavarians called together for a political mass-meeting at a time of stress, was thrown into the wildest confusion.

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Some Say That He Draws His Power From the Faith of His Followers

'Twas the night of November 8, 1923.

At the peroration of a Monarchist speech, the hall had been invaded by rude, pistol-shooting young men.

Puffs of gunpowder smoke trailed to the ceiling, and its ominous odor killed the peaceful smells of tobacco and beer.

Shouts and screams, curses, commands and entreaties mingled with a scattering of incipient cheers for a solemn-faced young man in a quasi-military uniform who had been hoisted to the stage.

His "adjutants," who had rushed the door to get him in, firing their revolvers to overawe resistance, now pointed the smoking muzzles at the officials and speakers of the meeting.

THEY silenced von Kahr, virtual dictator of Bavaria, who was right in the middle of a burst of eloquence. Von Kahr was a royalist, but his young followers had been flocking into the swashbuckling organization of a fire-eating spellbinder named Hitler.

Factional feeling sprang to life, scores of arguments started, hoots were answered by "Hochs," which in turn provoked more hoots. And when this Donnybrook Fair was at its height—

Bang! "Handsome Adolf" was firing at the ceiling—Bang! Bang!—"to attract attention."

Nowadays Hitler can "attract attention" without firing a pistol. The new Chancellor of Germany couldn't lose the world's anxious attention if he tried. The peace of Germany—indirectly the peace of all nations—might easily trip over one hair-trigger act or one turn of policy as impulsive as a shot at a beer-hall ceiling. His muzzling of the German press, and other strong-arm measures are already, as we shall see, reaping a crop of strife, not without bloodshed. Every sidelight on his character is important at this time, and the history of the "Beer Hall Putsch" reveals the Chancellor's quality at a less lucky stage of his ambitious career. As the crowd fell silent, he gave the Fascist salute. If it was good enough for Mussolini, it was good enough for Hitler.

"He uses it as an ordinary greeting," says a Manchester *Guardian* correspondent, "by drooping a rather soft, artistic hand back over his shoulder, then dropping it down again like a loose flipper," but on this historic occasion he flung out his arm with almost Mussolinian virility.

ACCORDING to Emil Lengyel in "Hitler" (The Dial Press), he now used his pistol politely as a wand to wave Commissioner von Kahr and two other officials into an adjoining room, from which point we read on:

A "Proclamation to all Germans" was ready, waiting for distribution. It was signed in the name of the Provisional National Government by General Ludendorff, Adolf Hitler, General von Lossow, and Colonel von Seisser.

None of them knew anything about it except Hitler.

At the point of a pistol, Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser were to give their indorsement of the new national régime. Kahr was cast for the rôle of Regent Governor of Bavaria. General Ludendorff was to be Regent Governor of the entire Reich, and Hitler the Chancellor, both vested with dictatorial powers.

There were tears in Hitler's eyes when he sought to convince the three gentlemen that this was the psychological moment to accept the posts offered to them. Then he suggested having his decision verified by the crowd in the hall.

After addressing the audience he came back to report that the beer cellar indorsed his choice with delirious delight.

Meanwhile a gray automobile roared at high speed on the road from Wilhelmshoehe to Munich. It halted in front of the beer hall and out of it jumped General Ludendorff.

"Every one must do one's duty," Hitler perorated.

"Right," commented Seisser, "but you've broken your promise. You were not to stage putsches now."

"But I have broken my promise in the interest of the Fatherland." Then, playing with his pistol, Hitler continued: "I have four shots here, three for you if you desert me and one for myself. Let me have a stein."

Ludendorff breezed in. General von Lossow "seemed small in

Keystone

With a "Heil Hitler" from the Nazi "Storm Troops"

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"$10,000 for One Night's Sleep

For One Day of Quiet, Peaceful Nerves!"

If You, Too, Have Thoughts Like These . . . Let Us Send You a 3-Day Test of This Drugless Way To Sound, Restful Sleep

IMPORTANT discoveries have been made about the sleepless nights from which so many thousands suffer. And about the nerve-wracked days that always follow nights of restless tossing.

For now science has found a way to bring sound, restful sleep the whole night through *entirely without drugs*. A way that 20,000 doctors recommend because it's entirely *safe!*

During the World War medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While today its use is advocated by medical authorities in 54 different countries.

What It Is

It is a delicious food-drink you take just before you go to bed. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow—and sleep your full 8 hours as naturally as a child.

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. For this remarkable food-drink acts to replenish nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

It is called Ovaltine—originated in Switzerland and now made over here. And it acts 3 ways to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness at night.

How It Acts

Authorities state that nearly all sleeplessness is caused by one or all of these things: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Ovaltine combats these causes in the following different ways:—

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a before-bedtime drink made with warm milk, tends to draw excess blood from the brain and combats the mental over-activity which often keeps you from going to sleep. Thus mental calm is invited, the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains, in high proportion, a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burdens of the stomach that's over-taxed or "nervous."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is a vital requirement of brain and nerve cells—and must be supplied if nerve poise is to be maintained. Ovaltine furnishes this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Start Tonight

So if you are nervous, irritable or rundown—if you have trouble sleeping at night—try Ovaltine. Take a cup of it every night just before you go to bed and see how much more quickly you fall asleep, how much more completely you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits you obtain. See how your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night is progressively restored.

Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how much fresher you feel—how vitality multiplies.

Then you will *know* from your own experience exactly why 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine. And you will realize why millions take it regularly to maintain nerve poise as well as to secure sound, refreshing sleep.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months—and feel vastly better tomorrow.

Or, if you wish, send the coupon below for the generous trial supply that's offered.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. LD2
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula. 961

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the presence of the war lord." Hitler, at his trial some months later, testified, "We were all deeply moved. There were tears in the eyes of Lossow and Seisser." Reading on:

This was a crying revolution. All four men shook hands and looked firmly into one another's eyes. Hitler, with tears in his eyes, sat down to draw up a manifesto. Since Ludendorff was coming along so nicely, he reduced the General to the rank of Minister of War.

"I suggest," he read to the audience, which was consuming immense quantities of beer, "that I be entrusted with the conduct of the policies of the provisional government of the Reich."

The inebriated patriots shouted hurrah. Hitler bowed in all directions. His voice rang clearly in the general din.

"To-morrow finds either a national government in Germany or us dead."

WHAT followed is summarized in the New York *American* by William P. Reed, in a series of Hitler stories copyrighted by Universal Service, Inc., of which Mr. Reed is foreign editor. Thus:

Von Lossow and von Seisser left the beer cellar, ostensibly to carry out the Hitler program.

The first thing von Kahr did was to alarm Berlin and ask for help against Hitler. Von Lossow got in touch with the Reichsarmy. Hitler and Ludendorff were isolated. The "revolution" was a gigantic flop.

The Berlin Government proclaimed martial law. The Reichsarmy was sent to Munich.

At 2 A. M. the next day the Commander-in-Chief of the Reichsarmy presented an ultimatum to the Hitler forces. He demanded immediate, unconditional surrender. The ultimatum was spurned. Von Kahr thereupon signed a warrant ordering the immediate arrest of Ludendorff and Hitler.

That morning the Reichsarmy stormed the Ministry of War. The State forces lost one dead and ten wounded. Hitlerite losses were estimated at eight dead and twenty wounded.

The Reichsarmy swept the Hitlerites out of the War Ministry. They stormed the beer cellar, but Hitler escaped. He found refuge in the home of Dr. Ernst F. S. Hanfstaengel, Harvard University graduate. The Nazi chieftain has never forgotten the sanctuary extended him. Finally Hitler was arrested, convicted of rebellion, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, but within six months he was freed.

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Alone—Yet Not Quite Alone

IN that connection we find in a Manchester *Guardian* dispatch a telling contrast between the gallantry of the old war dog, Ludendorff, and the caution of "Handsome Adolf." Thus:

On the morrow they led their heavily armed men through the streets of Munich. The insurrection collapsed under the first volley of Bavarian police. Ludendorff, who had shown his courage in the assault on Liège nine years before, showed it again.

He marched proudly on, in a black coat and top-hat, right through the ranks of the police.

Hitler just vanished, and was not heard of again until several days afterward.

There was no "National Government" in Germany, yet he was still alive. But he dedicated his book, "My Fight," to the sixteen of his followers who were left lying dead when he and the others ran away.

Such was the farcical dénouement of the "Beer Hall Putsch." But the Hitler fortunes have taken a great leap since then, and when, the other day, he attained the German Chancellorship, in the line of succession from Bismarck, his personality and propensities suddenly became of enormous importance to the world. In the Manchester *Guardian* dispatch already quoted, we find some impressions of his oratorical style, which plays an important part in his influence on German youth. We get the idea that his intense earnestness is so forceful that it disarms the common run of youthful criticism. The statement that two and two are four, uttered in Hitler's "vibrant barytone," might be clothed in the passionate conviction and noble splendor of some message from the stars. Says the British correspondent:

The realm of illusion, always half real to him, becomes intensely real to him and to his German hearers (who are attuned almost mediumistically to his nature) the moment he begins to speak. The opening of his mouth is like the raising of the curtain that instantaneously produces a stage illusion.

He will stand on the platform and declare with booming, cathedral solemnity that when the sun rises the darkness disappears. And his audience will go mad with enthusiasm.

NEITHER Hitler nor his followers can be understood, according to Ellen Wilkinson in the London *Star*, without knowing the German slang word "*spiesser*," of which we are told:

It can't be translated by the mind, but only with the eyes. The word means more than our "suburban" or the French "*petit bourgeois*," or the American "small-town mind." A German "*spiesser*" may be all that, but he has a creed—and a grievance. He is the small business man, or salaried employee, or lower civil servant, who has done his duty—taken a wife, raised children, fought a war when he was told, obeyed the parson, and implicitly believed that God was on his side.

Now he feels that he has been let down. The war was lost. Inflation took his savings, he is penniless, often jobless or existing on a ludicrous salary. But be a workman, or be thought working-class? No, by all his stars he will not.

What the "*spiesser*" wants is to get back into the old German habit of having some one to obey and some one to boss.

Hitler's hold on middle-class Germany is that he is a "*spiesser*" to his marrow. He wanted to be a professional man and had to become a workman. He knows just how the "*spiesser*" feels. He shares his grievances and his shoddy ideals, as foreign to the aristocratic von Papen as to the Socialist Dr. Breitscheid.

To the bewildered, indignant "*spiesser*" Hitler is a sort of super-nurse, some one who can make dreams come true.

AND now the golden time has come. Germany's Mussolini is in the saddle for the time being, and there seems to be little doubt that the coming election will give him a still firmer seat. As Frederick T. Birchall relates in a special cable to the New York *Times:*

In the campaign now in progress preparatory to the German election on March 5, it is already obvious that all the trump cards will be in one hand and it will be strange, indeed, if that hand is not the winner.

As Chancellor Hitler controls the government radio, the only one available in Germany, his campaign speech was spread throughout the country Wednesday and at intervals since, for a phonograph record has repeated the speech so none may miss it.

Through his new ally, Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, who is head of the Ufa corporation, the Chancellor has also the friendly cooperation of all German movies. In addition to the National Socialist press he has, through the same alliance, the friendly cooperation of the Nationalist press, which Dr. Hugenberg controls.

Through Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Nazi Minister of Interior in the Reich, and through his own chief lieutenant, Hermann Goering, as Deputy Commissioner for Prussia, he is assured police cooperation.

To-day brought the crowning touch in a Presidential decree headed "For the protection of the German people," certain

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INSURANCE COMPANY

51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A MUTUAL ORGANIZATION FOUNDED IN 1845 INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

88TH ANNUAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31, 1932

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DECEMBER 31, 1932

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President, R. H. Macy & Company, Inc.

RIDLEY WATTS
Director, Chemical Bank & Trust Company

*Died January 5, 1933

Elected January 11, 1933, to fill vacancy caused by the death of Darwin P. Kingsley:

ROBERT E. DOWLING
President, City Investing Co.

To the Policy-holders and the Public:—

During the year 1932 the New York Life Insurance Company paid to its living policy-holders and to the beneficiaries of those who died, the sum of

$255,200,187.69

It met every obligation from its current cash income, made new investments during the year amounting to

$46,623,111.32

and closed the year with a larger amount of cash in bank than at any other year-end in its history.

The assets of the Company amount to

$1,974,076,041.43

The total liabilities of the Company amount to

$1,860,106,133.54

included in which are policy reserves calculated upon the most conservative basis used by Life Insurance companies; a provisional apportionment of **$52,059,288** for 1933 dividends to policy-holders, and a special reserve, not required by law, of **$36,630,709.74.**

Its unassigned funds (surplus) over all liabilities amount to

$113,969,907.89

New paid for insurance effected during 1932 amounts to over

$521,000,000

At the close of 1932 the Company had outstanding insurance in force of over

$7,300,000,000

The total income of the Company during the year was

$407,235,904.31

The following table shows the assets of the Company under various headings and the percentage of each to the total:

Description of Investment	Asset Value	Per Cent to Total Assets DEC. 31, 1932
Cash on Hand or in Bank	$27,697,604.76	1.40
United States Government Bonds	56,009,519.74	2.84
State, County and Municipal Bonds	129,486,343.11	6.56
Public Utility Bonds	147,550,734.61	7.47
Industrial Bonds	19,187,336.03	.97
Railroad Bonds	376,878,012.42	19.09
Canadian Bonds (Dominion, Province, City, etc.)	38,847,205.78	1.97
United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland Bonds	4,987,377.90	.25
Other Foreign Bonds	2,359,029.10	.12
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	80,883,896.00	4.10
Real Estate Owned (including Home Office)	48,146,598.73	2.44
First Mortgages on City Properties	529,478,296.81	26.82
First Mortgages on Farms	22,451,275.96	1.14
Policy Loans	419,798,911.98	21.27
Interest and Rents Due and Accrued	36,168,670.83	1.83
Other Assets	34,145,227.67	1.73
Total	$1,974,076,041.43	100.00

(In this statement, bonds not subject to amortization and all Preferred and Guaranteed stocks are valued on basis prescribed by the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners.)

Thomas A. Buckner
President

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IRON FIREMAN

is a self-liquidating investment

Owners realize a return of **39.44%** *annually**

When a man installs an Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner in his home or business he gets steady heat or power regardless of weather or load conditions. This feature, plus automatic operation and smoke elimination, more than justifies the expenditure. Yet beyond these advantages is the fact that Iron Fireman makes substantial savings over former fuel bills. *A national survey of owners showed average fuel cost savings of 31.62%, equivalent to a return of 39.44% annually on their original investment in Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners. Here are a few typical examples:

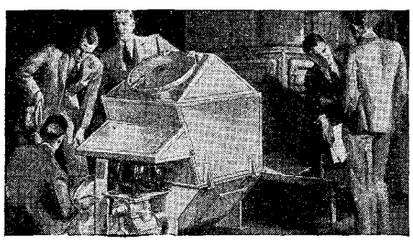
George Vanderbilt Hotel, Asheville, N. C. "Fuel savings over hand firing in one winter $1519.65—savings more than enough to pay for Iron Fireman."

Byrne's Half-Way Garage, Providence, R. I. "Our fuel bill with oil was $385 a season. With Iron Fireman we have reduced this cost to $122.50."

Excelsior Creamery Co., Baraboo, Wis. "In 7 months of operation Iron Fireman has saved us $1300."

Residence of Robert Billard, Topeka, Kans. "Winter fuel cost $49.50. This is so much less than the cost of heating with other fuels that Iron Fireman will pay for itself in two years."

Savings such as these should not be ignored. What was the 1932 fuel bill in your business or home? Would a 15% to 50% reduction be welcome? Your Iron Fireman dealer will gladly make a free survey and give you the facts as they apply to your own case. Iron Fireman is quickly installed and can be purchased on easy monthly terms. Use the coupon for survey of your home or business heating plant or for descriptive literature.



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provisions of which effectively curb any disagreeable inclinations on the part of Centrist, Socialist, and Communist organs toward him as their opponent in this campaign. Not even a foreign newspaper critical of Chancellor Hitler, his party or his program can be circulated in Germany.

The decree already has been the subject of violent protests. It is termed a "gag-law" unsuitable to a free people.

The Nazi journalists hail the new regulations as "at last enabling the Government to proceed against activities destructive to the nation and disintegrating to the State."

AND the country at large—is it reacting peacefully to the elevation of its most popular spellbinder to the virtual dictatorship of Germany? Mr. Birchall tells us that there is now almost an "open season" for Communists, adding:

Last night fifteen Nazi storm-troopers swooped down on a west-end beer-house in Berlin where Communists had been known to foregather. They shot and killed the woman proprietor and then demolished the premises. The police made some arrests, yet *none expects the perpetrators to be* either tried or convicted, altho the Hindenburg anti-terror ordinance is still in effect.

At a Communist meeting in Berlin, according to the Associated Press:

Wilhelm Peick, Communist member of the Reichstag, said he was reliably informed that the Government intends to outlaw the Communist party before the election by declaring its voting-list illegal.

He presented the German picture from the Communist view-point and warned:

"The people will strike. They are crying for bread and work but all they get is pretty phrases and strong-arm measures from the Government."

He challenged Chancellor Hitler to prove his charge that the Communist party has organized "murder groups."

"We have expelled men from the party for failing to preserve order," he said. "We will do all we possibly can to stamp out murder, but we shall protect ourselves."

FROM Duisburg, Germany, comes another A. P. dispatch relating that "in a gun battle between armed mourners on their way to a cemetery, their police escort, and persons concealed in houses, one of the latter was shot dead and eight members of the cortège were seriously wounded by the ambushed assailants." Reading on:

The police version of the affair said that both police and members of the procession returned the gunfire which came from different points along the route.

Various buildings from which the shots came were searched, but police found nobody. A twenty-year-old housepainter, Rudolph Reckweiler, was slain by a police bullet.

Uniformed Nazis had assembled at party headquarters for the burial of a storm-trooper killed February 1 in a fight with Communists. The procession proceeded along a railway track toward the cemetery when it was first fired upon from an abandoned factory.

That the forthcoming elections will prove the last ever held was asserted by Herr Kerrl, a Nazi leader, in a speech at Muenster according to Karl H. Von Wiegand in a Berlin cable to the New York *American.* Herr Kerrl is quoted further:

"All the power is now in Hitler's hands, and nothing in the world can tear it from him."

The "Steel Helmets," veterans' organization supporting Hitler [the dispatch runs on] adopted a resolution demanding the death penalty for "traitors, like pacifists," and the expulsion of foreigners "fighting the German nation and culture."

AND the same correspondent in a later dispatch adds these developments:

The Reichstag Committee for safeguarding the freedom of elections tumultuously adjourned indefinitely after Nazi members refused to allow Paul Loebe, Socialist chairman, to preside. They charged Loebe in the last election campaign called Hitler "a Slovakian with blood dripping from his hands."

The Socialists protested, whereupon Hans Frank, Nazi member, delivered a tirade against the Jews.

At the same time a gigantic protest meeting of 50,000 Communists and Socialists foreshadowed a united "Red and Pink" front against Hitler at the polls, March 5.

Through diplomatic channel came a warning from high places in London that Hitler's objective of a Nationalist Germany, with its campaign of "verboten," its suppression of the opposition, is inviting complete alienation of the friendly German sentiment in Britain and running the danger of throwing England back into the arms of France.

THE Anti-Semitism of the Hitler movement is discust in a Berlin dispatch written for the Associated Press by Prof. Georg Bernhard, former editor-in-chief of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, past president of the International Federation of Journalists, and former Democratic member of the Reichstag. We abbreviate:

Militant Anti-Semitism of to-day is a peculiarly German product.

After the World War the National Socialist party set the movement ablaze. According to the party's anti-Semitic gospel, there is no cause for Germany's distress and for the world's misery that can not be traced to Jews.

An astonished world asks: How is such a thing possible in a country where Jews are so prominent in German achievements, as is borne out by the relatively high proportion of German-Jewish born winners of Nobel prizes?

German Jewry represents barely 1 per cent. of the German population. Most of them are town dwellers.

Boycotting of Jewish merchants, aversion to the employment of Jewish workmen and clerks, a ruthless hatred of Jewish artizans, is added to a systematic displacement, especially in small provincial towns of Jewish doctors and lawyers.

But much more than all material discomfort are the spiritual sufferings of the German Jews. It is intolerable for those of Jewish descent and faith, those whose forebears have for centuries dwelt in Germany, and of whom 12,000 gave their lives during the World War, to feel that in a thousand meetings, in a million newspapers, they are classed as inferior people, who have no right to participate in the public life of the country.

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Stewardess on an Air-liner

THE newest career in the world—and the strangest.

Stewardess on an air-liner. Every trip is an adventure into the unknown, and she must be as capable, self-reliant, and resourceful as her lineal ancestress, the pioneer woman following in a covered wagon a trail where skeletons make the milestones.

Breath-taking it is sometimes, for it has happened that the lives of the passengers depend on the wit of the stewardess. A bad guess on her part—well, it's a long way down, and after that one has his own pair of wings if he deserves them.

A very interesting story of the new job for women Francis Vivian Drake tells in *The Atlantic Monthly*. He has had experience in the air himself. He served with distinction in the Royal Flying Corps. Wounded in action in 1917, he was sent to America as a loan from the British Government to teach in Army flying-schools. After that he remained in America, and is now on an air tour of South America

THE air-liner is on her way, engines thundering a lullaby. Read:

It is dark. The lights of Salt Lake City have fallen away. The trimotor is laboring up, all engines wide open, headed at a black wall that towers seven thousand feet high—the Rockies. Chicago early next morning. Mid-afternoon, New York.

The great rampart, dark and mysterious, looms in the distance. The ship roars through Immigration Pass, into a thousand miles of desolation.

The young stewardess looks vigilantly up the aisle from her seat aft. The long cabin is suffused with an unearthly illumination from the engine exhausts. The shaded reading-lamps are all switched off, some of the window blinds are down. She can make out the twin line of white pillows on the tipped-back seats, the blanketed forms, most of them asleep.

Ahead, out of sight around the mail compartment, are the pilots; but the cabin, with its freight of passengers—that is her own responsibility. She has tucked them in, made them comfortable for the night, had checked over the coffee and hot food in the ship's galley. Now she must keep watch.

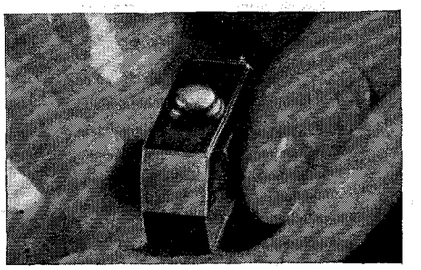
An eighth of an inch from her elbow, on the other side of the glass, the air is beating past at two miles a minute, and outside the heated cabin it is fifteen below zero. No towns, no houses; only sheer wilderness and the spaced flash of the airway beacons. . . .

Number 8, the one with the baby, is asleep already, altho she protested that she could not close her eyes. Poor thing, she needs all the sleep she can get. The baby is to be operated on to-morrow in Detroit.

The stewardess walks up and peers for a minute. Just so, nearly a century ago, stood her great-grandmother, shielding the flickering candlelight from an ailing child inside a covered wagon.

The old Overland Trail ribbons below . . . and Number 5—at last he has put his cards up. All the way from Oakland he was playing solitaire—shuffle, cut, deal,

. . . and the Deafened shall hear



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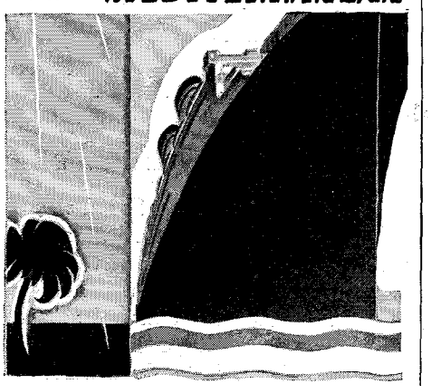

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ITALIAN LINE

seven hours at a stretch, his face expressionless.

But on the outcome of this transcontinental dash is balanced the future of a gigantic plant, the welfare of thousands of employees. Now he is hunched up in his seat, eyes closed, mouth drawn in a hard straight line. He might be asleep, too, but the straining muscles of his hands betray him. . . . Number 3, the one with the cough, is giving his tired throat a rest. He sleeps. . . .

Back to the rear seat again—and a cup of hot coffee. Always ceaseless vigilance.

Twenty-five air-stewardesses work in relays on the transcontinental run from Chicago to Oakland. "As the ship crosses the continent, guided by the elaborate roadbed of a great airway—teletype circuits from Pacific to Atlantic, radiophones, airway lighthouses, radio-range beacons, government weather-stations, emergency fields, incessant radio reports, incessant inspections—the stewardesses come and go."

No job on earth is so attractive, as 5,000 applicants testify. But less than one per cent. give the necessary qualifications. About one candidate in every 250, says Mr. Drake, passes on all points. Every applicant for a job on a line on which Mr. Drake had just traveled must be a trained nurse, a graduate from some big hospital. They must be nurses, because nurses are trained to hard work and discipline, and to a sense of responsibility. The stewardesses on this line are between twenty and twenty-seven; their average height is five feet four, average weight 125 pounds. Excess baggage is detrimental.

The duties of an air-stewardess are elastic, as we read on:

Normally her job is this. First, she has charge of the ship's papers, and of the company inter-airport mail. She has to take tickets and check baggage-slips.

There is a lot of paper work in running an air-liner—have you ever noticed the two fat wallets of papers carried by train conductors? She has to keep track of equipment such as blankets, pillows, and silver. Kleptomania is not entirely unknown among passengers.

She has to adjust ventilators—shut out drafts, let in more air—and she must keep her clientele supplied with magazines, writing materials, maps, soaps, towels, aspirin, ash-trays or matches, gum for air-sickness, cotton-wool for noise—whatever their fancy may happen to demand, short of pulling rabbits out of hats.

She dispatches telegrams and radios. She is thoroughly drilled in the geography of the country over which her ship flies, and points out the noteworthy features. Three air-passengers out of every four are not unmindful of an expectant audience waiting at the journey's end, so far be it from them to miss a thing.

Moreover, this historic West that slides away beneath them is not a mere movie or a book, but the actual thing.

If that patch five thousand feet below happens to be the spot where Colonel Lindbergh once alighted in a parachute, they want to know about it; and, anyway, which of those funny little ridges over to the left was where the Indians fell upon a train of covered wagons on the seventeeth of March, 1851?

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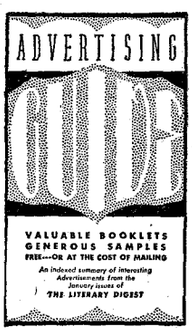

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The Senate's Champion Boxer

HE was a white hope in the dark days of Jack Johnson's triumph.

And he might have become heavyweight champion of the world had not his mother intervened by staying at home instead of going on a yachting cruise. She said she hadn't raised her boy to be a pugilist in a public arena.

So William Warren Barbour became a United States Senator instead. He was recently reelected after a hectic campaign. His arena is New Jersey, where they have pulled some big fights, political and pugilistic.

Acme

Nowadays His Knock-outs Are Delivered in the Political Ring

Senator Barbour's career is another of those stories of the will to win over physical handicaps. He had everything else—money and position. It was physical weakness that started him boxing, as William Inglis tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

HE went to Princeton at seventeen, and the coaches wanted to put him on the freshman football team. He was a likely-looking prospect, big and tall. But that was the trouble—he had outgrown his strength, and his parents wouldn't let him try for the team. He caught cold easily, too, suffered nosebleed, seemed to be going into a decline. So his family decided to send him to Florida, to live out-of-doors, hunt, fish, grow strong.

But Mrs. Barbour's sister came to lunch one day, and she said that Warren needn't go to Florida. Send him to Jack Cooper, instead, she said. "He'll build the boy up."

And that's how it started. The youngster stood 6 feet 2½ inches and weighed 230 pounds, net. Jack Cooper put the young giant through his paces in calisthenics, bending and stretching, but all the time the big boy had his eyes on two men swapping punches in the ring.

"Like it, do you?" asked Cooper.

"It's fascinating," said William.

So it came about that William put on the gloves, but on the understanding that he should hold himself to the steady routine of drill in the strategy and tactics of the ring for a full year. His father, Col. William Barbour, came up one day, and Cooper told the Colonel that William was a nice boy and had the makings of a good man.

AT long length the day of promise dawned. He was to have a work-out with Tom Kennedy, who had licked some good professionals and won the amateur title. Cooper's instructions to William were that he was to step around and feint Kennedy out of position, not to hit until he saw a good opening, and not to try to do too much. Then—as Mr. Inglis recites:

The two big lads shook hands pleasantly, each measuring the other with keen eyes. When Jack Doyle called time, Kennedy dashed in with a sizzling left that hit nothing but the air. Barbour had floated easily out of reach. Tom tried again, but ran into a left hook on the jaw that dropt him. After a few seconds' rest on one knee, he got up laughing—but fell again from a straight right under the heart. He was down once more, then up and sparring, when Cooper came up-stairs, just in time to see him sprawl on the floor from a right cross to the jaw—out! Time two minutes and thirty seconds. Barbour was staring at him, very much embarrassed.

"Jack," he whispered, "I better apologize. I had no idea I was hitting him so hard."

"Don't apologize, or he'll laugh at you," said Cooper. "Of course, you don't suppose a greenhorn like you could hit a real fighter like him if he tried to stop you? He and I framed it up, so that I could see whether you know how to hit. Go take your shower now." Jack Doyle was grinning.

"Who is that fellow?" Kennedy asked as Cooper helped him to his corner. "Why didn't you tell me you were putting me up against a ringer? I never saw his punches coming. I thought the first three were accidents, but the last one—I never knew what hit me."

"Don't say a word," warned Cooper. "He's only an amateur, and I don't want his head swelled. He thinks you let him knock you out on purpose, to oblige me."

Kennedy did not find it hard to keep

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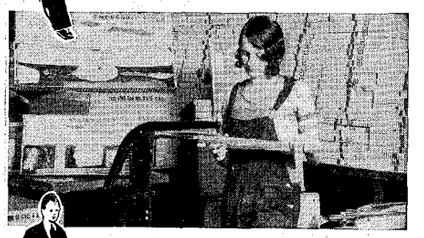

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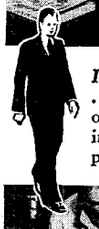

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silent, but the others talked. Next day Jack Gleason, partner of Tex Rickard, already famous as a fight promoter, dropt in at the gymnasium.

"I hear you have a comer," he said. "Would you part with him?"

"Why, yes, I might," Cooper replied after some thought. "I might. He's a little hard to handle; I'd let him go for a price."

"I'll bring over Jimmy Britt to try him out," Gleason suggested. "If he's as good as I hear, I'll give you $10,000 for him."

"You'll give me $15,000—cash," said Cooper. "I've worked a long time, breaking him in."

Jimmy Britt was one of the best lightweights in the country, tall, slim and fast; but in ten minutes of his prettiest work, trying every ring trick he knew, he could not lay a glove on young Barbour. Cooper had warned his big lad not to hurt Britt, so he contented himself with feinting Jimmy into knots, outfooting him, slipping and blocking his attacks.

While the boys were dressing, Jack Gleason came down to the office with his eyes bulging, and laid his check for $10,000 on Cooper's desk.

"I'll be back to-morrow with the other $5,000," he said. "If that big fellow isn't the next champ, I'll eat my hat. Who is he, anyhow?"

"He's Warren Barbour, a rich amateur," said Cooper, and roared with laughter as Gleason's jaw dropt. "His old man is head of the biggest thread mills in the world —could buy you and Tex Rickard and every one else in the fight business and never miss the money. He's a multi-millionaire."

"Well, I'll be this and that," Gleason snorted. "The lad is a natural-born champ. He's got everything—say, I'll have a job to square myself with Tex, after telling him I'd found the greatest phenom in the country."

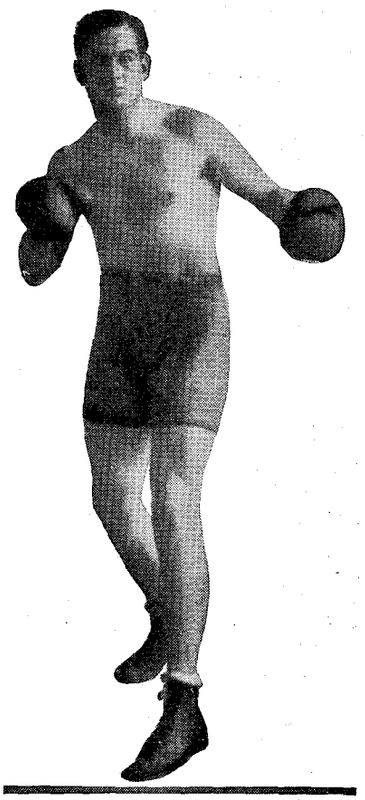
"That's what you found, all right," Cooper laughed; "but he's strictly amateur."

THE young "phenom" was keen to go out for the national championship right away, Mr. Inglis tells us, but Cooper kept the boy at work training. Young Barbour boxed every day with such good men as Jack Doyle and Mickey McDonough, often before big crowds, and sometimes with such masters as Corbett and Jeffries.

When the time for the Nationals came, the boys were on edge. Colonel Barbour took a group of friends to Boston to see the fun. "Good-eye Charley" White, the great referee, was engaged to second young Barbour. The crowd was expecting to see the Millionaire Kid spun on his ear. First, they watched their man Salisbury beat Day, champion of Canada; then cheered their own Joe Burke, national amateur champion, when he knocked out Emory Payne, a husky 208-pounder. Meanwhile:

Young Barbour smiled benevolently as he waited his turn. He went on with Salisbury and easily outpointed him with fast footwork and a teasing left that kept chugging against his chin. After fifteen minutes' rest, Warren came out for the final bout with Burke, a swift-footed giant with a knockout punch in his hand, who had added great skill to his natural pugnacity, and was all set for another quick victory. A dangerous man.

Burke flew at his victim like a thunderbolt, but Barbour side-stept, and, before Joe could start another rush, propt him off with a lightning left. Joe was a picture of fury, Warren a placid scientist, content to block his rushes and jab him into greater fury. As Joe dashed in for the second round, Warren vanished so suddenly that the champion plunged headlong into the ropes. The crowd began to cheer Barbour as he kept on steadily outpointing the killer. But Jack Cooper was worried; the



The Rich Amateur Who Wanted to Whip Jack Johnson

referee might give Burke the decision for aggressiveness. Just before the third round, Jack hobbled over to Barbour's corner.

"This fellow is calling you a millionaire bum!" he yelled in the big boy's ear, above the roar of the crowd.

"Oh, is he?" said Barbour. His mild brown eyes flamed as he stept out and met Burke's savage rush with a left hook on the ribs that dropt him. Up he came and charged again, with a short right on the jaw that floored Barbour. This might have ended the fight—if Warren had not clinched and pulled Burke down with him.

"That's no amateur!" chuckled Spike Sullivan, and drove an enthusiastic elbow into Jack Cooper's ribs. "Only a professional would know enough to save himself by dragging the other fellow down to break his fall."

The two got up and mixed it in a hot rally. No more fancy sparring. "I'm a bum, eh?" Barbour growled as Burke dashed in. Warren sent his right for the chin, but Joe ducked, and the blow landed on his forehead with all of Warren's 208 pounds driving it.

The rugged champion hit the floor in a long, sprawling dive. They could have counted fifty before he moved. The last blow broke Barbour's right fist. It was all of twenty minutes later before Joe could walk to Warren's dressing-room and congratulate him—incidentally explaining that

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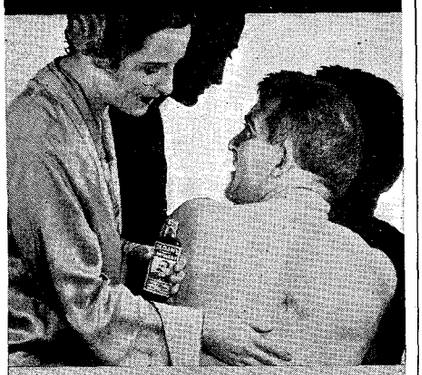

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he had never called him a millionaire bum.

FROM that day on Barbour never boxed in competition, but devoted himself to business and the public service—tho he kept himself in trim.

But after Jack Johnson's triumph over Jeffries, when Negroes were killed in quarrels about Jack's supremacy over white men, Negro clergymen and educators begged Warren Barbour to end the trouble by knocking Johnson out. Barbour had watched Jack in his exhibition bouts, and told Cooper that he could deliver the necessary punch. Experts, too, predicted that he could.

Then Colonel Barbour approached Mrs. Barbour with the suggestion that they take a cruise around the world in their yacht.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Barbour. "That's Jack Cooper's scheme to get me out of the way for the fight. I shan't go. Warren shall never fight a pugilist in a public arena, never!" And that was that. And, Mr. Inglis writes:

Since then Warren Barbour has attended strictly to business. He succeeded his father as president of the Linen Thread Company upon Colonel Barbour's death in 1917. He served ten years in the National Guard, was a lieutenant in the United States Army on the Mexican border in 1915, and retired as captain. During the World War he served on the War Industry and other boards. He was president of the American Tariff League in 1923. He is a director in several large banks and manufacturing corporations, and a trustee of the Central Presbyterian Church in New York.

Twice Mr. Barbour has been Mayor of Rumson, New Jersey, a Democratic town that gave him the largest majorities ever recorded for that office. He is a leader in all sorts of civic enterprises, from the Boy Scouts to State-wide improvements in government. When Dwight W. Morrow died, the Governor of New Jersey appointed him to the United States Senate.

Warren Barbour was renominated for the Senate last fall as a matter of course, but he was out of luck to be running at a time when the Democratic tide was sweeping the country.

But the ex-champion boxer had made an excellent record at Washington, and he fought as hard in the campaign as he had ever fought in the ring.

His opponent was as sturdy a battler as Joe Burke was at Boston, and, for a long day after the election, the result was in doubt.

When the last votes had been counted, Barbour was the winner.

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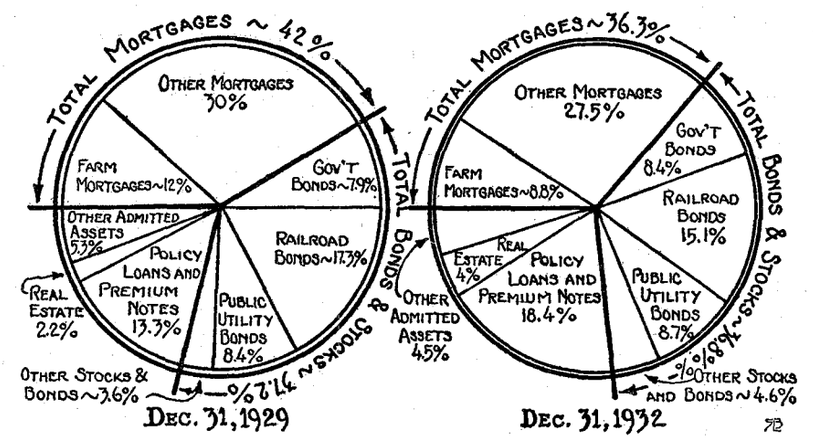
The Insurance Investment Picture

WITH GREAT INSURANCE COMPANIES suspending farm-mortgage foreclosures in the Middle West, policyholders may begin to wonder what it means to them.

Newspapers run such head-lines as "Mortgage Holiday Saves $400,000,000 in Farm Property."

It is reported that fifty-two American legal reserve life companies have about $1,666,000,000 in farm mortgages in the United States and Canada. So policyholders are said to question the extent to which their protection may be affected, reports *The Weekly Underwriter*. And this brings from the New York insurance weekly the emphatic declaration that—


TOTAL MORTGAGES ~ 42%
OTHER MORTGAGES 30%
FARM MORTGAGES ~ 12%
GOV'T BONDS ~ 7.9%
OTHER ADMITTED ASSETS 5.3%
POLICY LOANS AND PREMIUM NOTES 13.3%
RAILROAD BONDS ~ 17.3%
REAL ESTATE 2.2%
PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS 8.4%
OTHER STOCKS & BONDS ~ 3.6%
TOTAL BONDS & STOCKS ~ 76%
DEC. 31, 1929
TOTAL MORTGAGES ~ 36.3%
OTHER MORTGAGES 27.5%
GOV'T BONDS 8.4%
FARM MORTGAGES ~ 8.8%
RAILROAD BONDS 15.1%
REAL ESTATE 4%
POLICY LOANS AND PREMIUM NOTES 16.4%
PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS 8.7%
OTHER ADMITTED ASSETS 4.5%
TOTAL BONDS & STOCKS ~ 89%
OTHER STOCKS AND BONDS ~ 4.6%
DEC. 31, 1932

Cambridge Associates, Boston

How Life-Insurance Funds Are Invested

Investments of 52 United States legal reserve companies showing changes in three years.

> If American newspapers reaching the general public were to emphasize as strongly the fact that this figure represents but eight and eight-tenths per cent. of the invested assets of the company-group cited, there would be no further questioning—only a word of thanksgiving for the stabilizing influence of the institution of life insurance and praise for the work of the Samaritans heretofore unsung.

THE actual investments of the life-insurance companies in 1929 and now are indicated by the accompanying chart. It is based on data supplied to the Association of Life Insurance Presidents by fifty-two companies. The Cambridge Associates of Boston, who prepare the diagram, call attention to the tendency since the beginning of the depression to reduce the percentage of both railroad bonds and farm mortgages held by the companies.

That farm mortgages constitute less than 9 per cent. of the total assets of the life-insurance companies is the point that Charles F. Speare of the Consolidated Press would have us keep in mind. He also notes that the largest of these big insurance lenders now holds in foreclosed farm paper $15 for each one thousand dollars of assets. This, we are told, "compares with $90 for each $1,000 of assets in the panic year of 1873 and $35 per $1,000 of assets in the depression of 1893."

The chart of insurance investments also confirms the general impression of a great increase in policy loans during the depression. But a decrease in the demand for such loans has been evident in the last six months of 1932, according to recent reports, so the New York *Times* notes. And this "is considered significant as indicating an improving trend in general conditions." In the case of one insurance company, we are told, "the demand for these loans has been declining rapidly since last June, with borrowing in November reaching the lowest level for any month in the last two and a half years."

The publicity given to insurance-company actions on farm mortgages leads the insurance press to emphasize the fact that there has been no sensational change in policy. For instance, *The Spectator* (New York) points out that "the life-insurance companies have been adhering all along to a farm-mortgage policy that is dictated by considerations of generosity tempered by wisdom":

> In cases where the indebtedness to other creditors is heavy, and where the farms have been abandoned by their owners, the companies have been forced to resort to foreclosures, but where there were evidences of cooperation on the part of the owners, the life-insurance companies have been willing and eager to grant stays. The companies, it may be said, are not anxious to acquire farm properties or engage in the business of agriculture.

THIS is the "farm-mortgage lowdown," says *The Eastern Underwriter* (New York):

> There has been no wholesale suspension of payments due on farm mortgages by any company.
>
> There has been no real change in the policy that has been followed by companies during the past couple of years toward farm mortgage foreclosures, which policy has been one of extreme leniency and helpful cooperation, particularly toward owner-borrowers.
>
> What really happened is this:
>
> Because of an unusual situation in Iowa, companies have been cooperating with State authorities and generally have postponed for the time being all foreclosure proceedings on farm mortgages in that State. One of the causes of the situation is the pressure of persons holding liens inferior to the first mortgages which are largely held by life-insurance companies; and this pressure has sometimes forced life-insurance companies to foreclose (when they would not ordinarily have done so) in order to protect their interests and that of their policyholders.

Rail and Motor Rivals Getting Together

IT "IS THE FIRST REAL LIGHT shed on the darkness of the American transport problem."

It "is the most hopeful sign on the transportation horizon to-day."

What these papers are talking about—first, the Dallas *News;* second, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*—is the report of the Joint Committee of Railroads and Highway Users. Coming just after the news that Mr. Roosevelt favors a unified regulation of all transportation, and in advance of the report of the Coolidge-Smith-Baruch National Transportation Committee, it may have lost some of its significance. But many editors find it extremely important.

It might be too much to say that in the war between railroads and highways "peace has spread its wings," but the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* feels justified in declaring that "an armistice has been arranged which points to a better equity among carriers." Since the joint committee, headed by Pennsylvania's W. W. Atterbury for the rails and General Motors' Alfred H. Swayne for the highway users, worked hard on the job for three months, we ought to accept their conclusions as "an authoritative pact." And the St. Louis paper goes on to present an editorial summary of this peace treaty which it considers so important:

> Those antagonistic transportation agencies found at the conference table that their points of agreement were many, their differences few. The fine spirit actuating both is reflected in their "Declaration of Policy." They assert that "the public's right to the selection of the agency of transportation which it

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wants and which it finds most useful must be respected."

From that correct fundamental, the report recounts the consideration of details, with surprizingly constructive results. It is agreed that commercial users of the highways—the common carriers—should be subjected to regulation, meaning that permits, financial responsibility, drivers' hours of service, filing of rates, must all be required—a contention long urged by the railroads.

THE agreement on rate regulation does not include trucks, *The Post Dispatch* continues:

The highway users insist that regulation of trucks, because of the character of the business as now operated, should be instituted "if and when data have been collected to indicate the desirability of such regulation in the public interest." It is agreed that security issues by highway-transportation concerns should be regulated; that the railroads may operate motor-vehicles on the highways on the same terms as other commercial users; that in the matter of grade crossing elimination, laws requiring the railroads to make excessive expenditures should be repealed; that the railroads' share of the expense be measured by the tangible savings resulting; that the cost should be determined jointly by the Public Service Commission and the Highway Commission. The governing idea, apparently, is th at grade-crossing elimination is primarily a public improvement and a public obligation.

As to taxation, it is agreed that motor-vehicles should pay the entire cost of the State highway system and that "there should be no diversion of such taxes in any degree to any other purpose."

Take the truck out of the equation—its weight, length and rates of service—and the railroads and highways have little, if anything, to argue about. This difference, to be sure, may not be lightly dismissed, for among the highway fauna, so to speak, the truck is the railroads' *bête noir*. But even here, the highway users issue no ultimatum. They are on record, as already noted, to consider truck regulation when convinced by the evidence.

The value of this report is found in the community of interest between the railroads and the highways. The foundation has been laid, we believe, for a national transportation policy.

CONGRATULATORY comment might be quoted indefinitely. But the Chicago *Daily News*, for one, is disappointed, considering it "really little more than an agreement to disagree on salient points at issue."

It seems to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that the report, while sound, "does not set forth vividly the stake the American people have in effective regulation of motor transport." But the Baltimore *Evening Sun* finds nobody aware that "the same end might be gained by less regulation and taxation of the railroads"—

The American idea of equalizing opportunity is never to take the load off the unduly burdened, but to increase the load on those who are relatively unladen.

To date the trucks, relatively unregulated and untaxed, have done very well. Let us hope that being "regulated" and taxed as the railroads are will not send them down the same chute along which the railroads are sliding.

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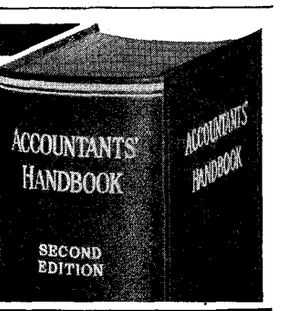

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A CALL to our poets to quit doubt and sadness and the sense of fatality, and sing again as in days of old. In a new *Quarterly Review* (London):

SEVEN STRINGS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

We are the heirs again to ancient things;
For us are these
Far words between the silences,
And ours the lyre of the seven strings.
Are we reluctant yet to play upon
The instrument of Amphion?

What Greek upon a hilltop by the sea,
But knew the whole
Music of earth; body and soul,
Pagan and unregenerate and free;
Not questioning if the gifts that beauty gave
Made him her master, or her slave.

It was for us to fear the primal things;
To doubt the song
That stars have chanted, ages long;
To break the lyre of the seven strings,
Until at last, a single futile note
Has marked the compass of a threat.

A larger music is our need once more!
We know the face
Of all the earth; of conquered space,
And Orpheus is waiting at the door.
Turn then his tragic gaze, that life and he
May yet regain Eurydice.

WHEN you see a sight like this, don't laugh, but think from what a height the mighty may have fallen. In the Chicago *Daily Tribune:*

JACK MURPHY AND QUEEN GUINIVERE

BY EOLUS

He calls her "Queenie." She's a terrier
Of high degree and not a common cur.
Of course, her temporary occupation
Is not in keeping with her rightful station;
Neither is his, her master's, for the nonce,
For both were featured on Keith's circuit once—
"Jack Murphy and his Dog, Queen Guinivere,
Canine Ingénue, quite without a Peer."
Later they had a traveling tent-show act
(The movies were to blame; though, as a fact,
That Rin Tin Tin stuff was the bunk; no art,
No true finesse—a roughneck, mongrel part) . . .
Jack was an actor—Jack and Jill, you know—
Till Jill, his wife, took up with Wrestling Joe.
Queen Guinivere replaced her. Dogs are true
And faithful pals, no matter what you do.

Just now they're on their uppers, she and Jack,
But when the times improve they're coming back.
Each day they still rehearse, and what a thrill
They'll give again to high class vawdeville!
Meanwhile, and for the nonce, they have to eat;
So, all day long, they slowly walk the street,
He in the lead, with silent, solemn tread,
Both nonchalant and looking straight ahead;
And Queenie wears a banner which avers
"You'll find the best hot dogs at Hollister's."
And, added to the incongruity,
Between her teeth she holds a pipe; and he
Has one just like it; really they don't smoke—
It's just a silly, comic sort of joke.
(Jack used to smoke, but now his pipe is out
Till more improved conditions come about.)

Along the street they stroll with stoic poise,
Jack and Queen Guinivere. Sometimes rude boys
Make cracks at them; sometimes ill-mannered curs
Try to break down that proud reserve of hers
And make advances; but to no avail.
Not by a lifted brow or wag of tail
Does Queenie deign to notice them; which means
That queens may walk the streets and still be queens.

All day they stroll past crowded stores and shops
In Indian file; when Jack stops, Queenie stops.
She knows, he says, when traffic lights are red
And when the green light flashes "go ahead";
She knows a lot—you'd be surprized, says Jack—
But *not about the banner on her back.*
Not for the world to her would Jack dare name
Its vulgar message; she would die of shame.
(You see, she wore, throughout her stage career,
A scarlet blanket, marked "Queen Guinivere.")

When evening comes they casually land
At Hollister's *warmed-over wienie stand,*
Where, keen of appetite, the two consume
Their long day's wages. Then up to their room
Above the pawnshop—just a dingy den,
Paid for with castoff trappings, now and then,
Stage costumes, make-up stuff—in times like these
One has no use for foolish luxuries.
But when the stage comes to its own again
(For Art is Art, and movies are a pain),
It's cloth of gold for her; a tuxedo
And white shirt front, with diamonds aglow,
For him; for they'll be coming back—
Queen Guinivere, the wonder dog, and Jack!

HOWEVER far out in the hinterland, who isn't reading about Noel Coward's "Design for Living"? So no reader should pass the obvious view of the audience furnished by *The New Yorker:*

FIRST NIGHT

[Design for Oblivion]

BY E. B. W.

In white tie, in black tie, in high crown and low,
They all turned out for the year's smart show.
They came from mansions, they came from hutches,
They rose from sick beds and came on crutches.
They got to the theater at a quarter past eight,
Where a cop on a horse shoved them in through the gate.
"There's Buxley!"

They closed in tight and they stepped down hard
On the well-shined shoes of your own sad bard:
A pale pure actress with her pure gray swain,
An old ex-critic with his old ex-cane,
A churchman in clericals to show Christ's charity
And keep himself posted on sex irregularity.
In green gown, in red gown, in short coat and tails,
They fought for the lobby with their elbows and nails;
They pressed in tight and they stamped down hard
On the thin black shoes of your bleak thin bard.
"There's Dulcot!"

In white vest, in black vest, in high wing collars,
They stewed in a seat for twenty-five dollars.
They swarmed to the lobby like drowning vermin,
Their eyes full of hair and their mouths full of ermine:
The socially fit, and the good at polo,
A tall thin girl who had flown seas solo,
The keeper of the inn where they all drink wine,
A lady who was known for her cover design,
A husband and wife who had ceased to care,
An intimate friend of a former mayor,
Funnyman, publisher, earl, and plug,
The public-relationship man for a pug,
A spy from a dress house, at work from a distance,
The Great of the world, and the Great's assistants.
They tore their dresses in the name of art,
And that's not all that they pulled apart.
"There's Goon!"

They nodded and winked, they scraped and they bowed,
They spoke in whispers and they spoke out loud,
They swarmed the lobby like drowning rats
And burned small holes in the rugs and mats,
And well out front, and fighting hard,
Was the dauntless figure of this sad bard,
Who, but for his loyalty to his employer,
Would never set foot in a theater foyer.
Pronounced foy' er.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

acabit.—"R. I. S.," Easton, Pa.—*Acabit* is a French word (pronounced *a''ka''bee'—a's* as in *artistic*) which in English means "Quality (of fruits, vegetables); character, nature, temperament, stamp (of persons)."

aversion to; quieten.—"M. D.," Lexington, Ky.—The preferred preposition to follow *aversion* is *to;* as, aversion *to* war; but there is excellent authority for the use of *from*, as well as *for, toward*, and *against*.

Quieten is labeled archaic in American dictionaries, and is labeled "vulgar" in recent British dictionaries. However, it is currently used in some of the shires of England, notably Yorkshire, and may be heard in Scotland and Ireland. It would be more exact to label the word "dialectal."

egocentric.—"H. R. K.," Indianapolis, Ind.—This term is defined as "Concerning or regarding the self as the center of all things; self-centered."

exuberant.—"A. T.," Hartford, Conn.—The word *exuberant*, from its derivation, means "abundant; overflowing; copious; etc." In recent years it has taken on an extended meaning, "exultant; effusive."

-ical.—"P. J. M.," Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Under the definition of the suffix *-ical* is the statement: "In many cases adjectives in *-ical* do not differ, except euphonically, from the corresponding forms in *-ic;* as, *symbolic, symbolical*. In some cases, the words are different in sense; as *politic, political*. In many cases, especially when the form in *-ic* is used as a noun, the adjectival form is exclusively *-ical;* as, *musical*."

ignoble.—"G. C. G.," Glendale, Calif.—This word, altho now used only as an adjective, was formerly also used as a verb. The participial adjective *ignobling* can be found in our older literature, and the past participle was in use as recently as 1870. The verb is defined in the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, as "to bring into disrepute; degrade." The commission of an *ignobling act* is, obviously, the commission of an act that would bring one into disrepute.

Lido.—"B. H. B.," Southampton, N. Y.—*Lido* is to Venice what Malibu Beach is to Hollywood—a fashionable watering-place or seaside resort. It is the name of one of the islands that shield the harbor of Venice from the Adriatic sea, and in recent years has become the Italian center of fashion, similar to Biarritz and Deauville in France. Consequently, *Lido* is a current synonym for wealth, fashion, and luxury, a more up-to-date term than *Ritz*.

Mohican.—"E. M. M.," Junction, Tex.—The correct pronunciation of this term is *mo-hi'kan—o* as in *obey, i* as in *police*, and *a* as in *final;* the *h* distinctly sounded. It is the name of a large tribe of American Indians that in the early days of the country centered around the Hudson River valley. The preferred spelling of the name is *Mohegan*, which in the Algonkian dialect means "wolf."

owing to.—"D. B.," New York City.—As a predicate, *owing to* has been consistently used for almost three hundred years. From this, a century or so ago, it received the sanction of the best writers—Scott, for instance—as a prepositional phrase. In *Waverley* may be found the passage, "*Owing to* his natural disposition to study—he had been bred with a view to the bar." And in *Guy Mannering*, "*Owing to* these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby." Under *owing* the definition given is: "Attributable, with *to;* as, *owing to* his age."

penny.—"R. W. O.," Mount Holly, N. C.—The word *penny*, now used with numerals to denote varying sizes of nails, was employed in the fifteenth century to indicate the cost of nails of the several sizes. *Fivepenny* nails were of a size costing five pence a hundred; *tenpenny* nails cost ten pence a hundred, and so on. Altho the cost for a hundred had decreased before the end of the century, the terms persisted as descriptive of size. Nail sizes of to-day are *twopenny*, an inch in length; *threepenny*, an inch and a quarter; *fourpenny*, an inch and a half; *fivepenny*, an inch and three-quarters; *sixpenny*, two inches, and so on.

plat.—"O. M.," Port Washington, N. Y.—The term *plat*, defined as "a map or plan of measured or partitioned ground," is used only in the United States. In this country it is synonymous with *plot*, which is the more correct term and that now more generally used.

take.—"L. P. B.," Fort Lewis, Wash.—The use of the transitive verb *take* with the sense "to conduct as guide or escort; as, to *take* a lady to a ball," is thoroughly established and has been used by the best writers and speakers throughout the history of recorded English. The record is continuous from the very beginning of the thirteenth century to the present time.

Now...For Indigestion Just Eat Delicious "TUMS" [antacid mints]

JOE, the waiter, couldn't believe his ears when his old customer ordered hamburger, onions, hot biscuits, mince pie and coffee—just the very foods he had to avoid for months. "Why, Mr. Walters," he protested, "I thought you were on a diet?"

"Sure I'm on a diet, Joe—everything that's good to eat! No more doing without my favorite foods—no sir, not since I discovered Tums!" And Walters then went on to explain how by simply eating three or four Tums after meals he could eat any foods he liked without fear of indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas. "What's more, Joe, I can now enjoy smoking without fear of discomfort!"

Almost everyone (about 7 out of every 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion. Wrong food combinations, hasty eating, nervous strain, and excessive smoking are common causes. Many people say that the very foods they like best often bring on a nauseating, gassy fullness or a sour, burning sensation.

But now you can enjoy pleasant, almost instant relief just by eating delicious antacid mints! When some favorite food distresses you or some other cause brings on upset stomach, simply eat three or four Tums—often one is enough. You'll like these refreshing candy-like mints—they're so much more agreeable than old-fashioned disagreeable preparations! Safe, too—and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll at any drug store—only 10c.

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P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Keep Going, Buddy.—VOCALIST—"I'm going away to study singing."

FRIEND—"Good! How far away?"—*Answers.*

Sybil of the Ruby Lamp.—"She was only a photographer's daughter."

"Yes, she sits in a dark room and awaits developments."—*Battalion.*

Putting 'em Across.—"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf-mute with the hiccoughs."—*Pointer.*

Queen of the Paper Knife.—"Care to buy a nice letter-opener, sir?"

"Don't need one. I'm married."—*Hummel (Hamburg).*

When Blood Tells.—MOVIE DIRECTOR—"Mills wants $600 for playing the part of an Indian in our new film."

MANAGER—"Offer him $300. Tell him it's only a half-breed."—*Connecticut Bulletin.*

When Rome Writhed.—PAUSANIUS—"I hear that Nero was torturing the Christians again last night."

DEMETER—"Some one ought to take that fiddle away from him."—*Boston Transcript.*

His I.Q. Seems O.K.—"What is the opposite of sorrow?" asked the teacher.

"Joy," answered the lad.

"And the opposite of misery?" pursued the teacher.

"Happiness," said the pupil.

"And what is the opposite of wo?" was the next question.

"Giddap!" was the quick response.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Sanitary Kissing.—We have been reading a chapter on sanitation in an up-to-the-minute doctor book, and find these instructions:

"You should never kiss a member of your family without having first thoroughly washed your hands and face."

This presents quite a problem to the business man, but it might be solved in this manner:

He should carry a small collapsible wash-pan in his hip-pocket; and in his vest-pocket, a bottle of liquid soap and small thermos bottle of hot water. The minute he opens the front door of his home in the evening and sees wife approaching with smile on face, he should jerk out the collapsible pan, liquid soap, and thermos bottle, and begin the operation.

By the time he has completely put the germs to rout, his wife has become discouraged and gone back into kitchen . . . and he won't have to kiss her.

Moral: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."—*Letter in the Kansas City Star.*

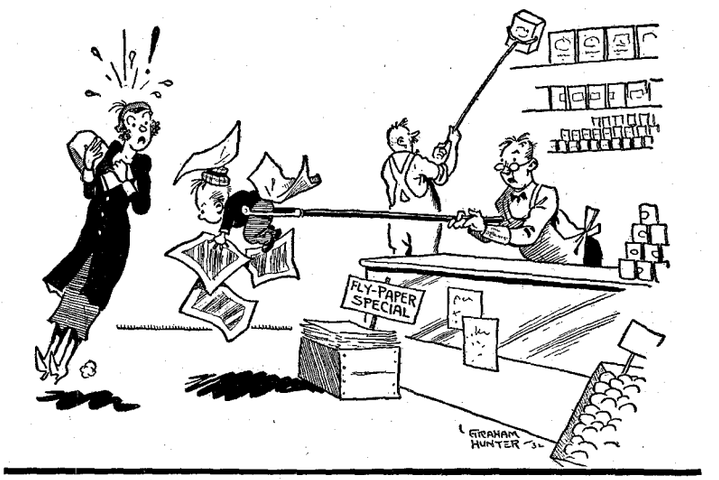
Strictly Original Blundering.—TEACHER—"Did your father help you with this problem?"

WILLIE—"No, I got it wrong myself."—*Prairie Farmer.*

Penalty of Being Adored.—FIRST GUY—"She treats her husband like a Grecian god."

SECOND GUY—"How's that?"

FIRST GUY—"She places a burnt offering before him at every meal."—*Skipper.*



"Here you are, Mrs. Smith—do you mind keeping your son out of our fly-paper?"—"Pastime."

Down and Out.—The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded:

"And if it doesn't open—well, gentlemen, that's what is known as 'jumping to a conclusion.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Thrill That Comes Once.—"I painted something for last year's academy."

"Was it hung?"

"Yes, near the entrance where everybody could see it."

"Congratulations! What was it?"

"A board saying, 'Keep to the left.'"—*Deutsche Illustrierte.*

Budding Buffalo Bill.—A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy!" he growled. "On yer way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with yer teeth."—*Legion Weekly.*

Breaking It Gently.—The engaged pair were talking over the future.

"Darling," she said, "when we are married you'll have a woman in the house who really knows how to cook."

He looked surprized.

"But, dearest," he said happily. "I didn't know that you were a good cook."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm not," came her reply, "but when we're married my mother is coming to live with us."—*Answers (London).*

Slips That Pass in the Night

For the Bossie Blues?—WANTED—Good cow, trumpet, baritone horn. Cash.—*Salem (Ore.) paper.*

Notable Ambition.—WANTED—Washington to do. Bertha Armstrong, 214 McCumbers Alley.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Star.*

Blessing After Food.—The saint ate and blest the old woman, saying, "Henceforth your chestnuts will bear three crops every year."—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Evening Record.*

Put It in the Pound.—A house belonging to Mr. Burdge had strayed into the road and in trying to avoid hitting the house Mr. Havens struck the pole.—*Asbury Park (N. J.) Evening Press.*

Nature With a Kick.—To spend one's vacation there is a real opportunity for the nature lover and sportsman. Every minute is filled with that joy of living which comes only from close communication with 14 ems 10 scotch. 12-20-32 56-B57 nature.—*Grosse Pointe (Mich.) High School paper.*

Let's Hope for the Best.—
DEATH OF ITALIAN
BECOMES SERIOUS
Tucson (Ariz.) Daily Star.

One Busy Industry.—
SOUTH DAKOTA MINES
INCREASE GOLF OUTPUT
Joplin (Mo.) Globe.

Why Brag?
MRS. H. O. D——
DRINKS AND SMOKES
—Sign on a Louisiana highway.

Place of Honor.—
July 5 Set as Date for Crusher to Begin Crushing—Old Employees to Be Given Preference.
—Le Grand (Iowa) Reporter.

Out But Not Down—In the mêlée Fine was struck over the head with some blunt object and knocked unconscious. Disengaging himself from the two men he drew his gun and fired three times.—*Cleburne (Tex.) Times-Review.*

Day for Whoopee.—The Union Oil Company to-day declared a dividend of 25 cents per share to stockholders of record January 19. The dividend is gayable February 10. *Los Angeles dispatch in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

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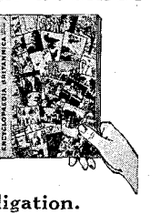

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